

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 22, 1966 40 CENTS

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United States Steel

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Next week

THERE ARE FEW trees and fewer bells in Forest Hills, but there is a lot of tennis. A study of The West Side Tennis Club, and Arthur Ashe, who reached stardom in last year's nationals.

SECRET MANEUVERS behind the pro football merger are revealed by Edwin Shrike, who tells how John Brodie got his fabulous pay hike and why others nearly switched leagues.

TO BE A MILLIONAIRE at the age of 3, the first in racing history, will be Buckpasser's descendant if he beats Amberoid, Buffle and other top colts running in the Travers at Saratoga.

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Eight years ago, back in the dark ages before man had orbited or danced the frug, President Eisenhower urged the sportsmen of the world to get together more often, avoiding, whenever possible, all the red tape their respective governments had to offer. At the time Eisenhower did not believe that sport was a cure-all for the world's ills. He simply felt it was one of the pleasanter medicines with which men of different minds might try to alleviate their common distress.

In the years since the Eisenhower proposal, sport has become genuinely international, abetted by superjets and the winking signals of Telstar. No one can say how much good the interchange of sportsmen and sport news has done. The most that we on SPORTS ILLUSTRATED are willing to say is that, while statesmen and businessmen do not seem to enjoy diminishing worries as the world shrinks, the competitors and spectators in the din and hubbub of international arenas are getting along quite well, by and large, and are enjoying themselves.

If we had been putting this magazine out 40 years ago, we might have served our subscribers a rather steady diet of familiar, American sports and home-grown heroes, casting our eyes abroad only when a U.S. superstar like Tilden, Weissmuller or Jones sallied forth to take on all comers. We could not get away with such provincialism now. For one thing, the U.S. obviously no longer dominates sport the way it did, and it is our duty to keep tabs on the foreign opposition. For another, after 12 years in the business, we have found that readers enjoy an occasional exotic dish, provided we do it justice.

This issue of the magazine epitomizes the obligation we feel both to inform

readers and also to entertain them with doings abroad. On page 24 Bob Oltum reports on the world Alpine skiing championships in Chile. This is, in effect, a new installment of a continuing story—the American skiers still building, the Europeans still better. On page 56 Gwili Brown writes from Kingston, Jamaica, where 1,200 athletes from 35 nations and territorial fragments of the British Empire competed in the British Empire and Commonwealth Games. Naturally, there was not an American in the show, but there were plenty of performers who will give the U.S. trouble in the next Olympics, among them the precursors of a sports explosion in New Africa.

In contrast to these newsworthy accounts from Chile and Jamaica, Ed Zern writes on page 44 about the supermystique of fly-fishing near the old ruins of Stonehenge in England. Why do we offer a piece that deals with a sport that most readers do not understand and with a place that most readers will never visit? We offer it because Zern is not only a skillful angler-writer who can satisfy all the fly-fishing puns but also a very human fisherman-liar who knows how to entertain everybody. On page 60 Jack Olson—another very human writer who distrusts all mechanical transportation—writes of the Tour de France, the 3,000-mile bicycling madness that overpowers the Gallic mud every summer. A day after you read Olson's piece you probably will not recall who won the race, or how, or why, but I guarantee that you will remember the Tour de France.

Garry Vail

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which cord gives a tire the best directional stability and roadability at higher speeds—rayon or nylon?



Tom McCahill finds out the hard way... it's RAYON!

American Viscose recently asked Tom McCahill, internationally known car-handling authority, to test tire performance during quick lane changes at speeds of 35, 45, 60 and 70 mph.

Four different cars were used during the test and matched sets of tires were tested on each of the cars. One set was made with rayon cord, the other with nylon cord. McCahill was not told which tires he was driving on during any of the tests.

Here are the highlights of Tom McCahill's statement: "... At speeds of 60 and 70 mph, differences in

directional stability and roadability were very marked. Nylon, which handles very well at lower speeds, seems to get definitely worse as the speedometer climbs. However, rayon cord tires appear to give definitely better control as the speed goes up."

The McCahill tests were performed as part of a continuing test program which American Viscose has been conducting in connection with the development of DYNACOR* rayon—the new tire cord that provides a combination of durability and stability unmatched by any other tire cord ... even nylon.

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BOOKTALK

A warm history of the Thoroughbred world that was born during an eclipse

A noon on April 1, 1764 England observed a total eclipse of the sun—and it was in those moments of darkness, in a stone barn at Cranbourne Lodge, that a mare named Spiletta foaled an ugly, dwarfish colt to be named Eclipse. Today, some 200 years later, more than 36,000 racing Thoroughbreds are direct descendants in the male line of that puny foal "born in darkness at noon in England in 1764." But David Alexander's book *A Son of Horses* (Blooms-Merrill, \$6.50) is more than a labor of tracing the lineage of fine horseflesh. It is an illuminating history and a vivid commentary on the world of racing: its heroes, villains, builders, destroyers, that band of "itinerant gypsies of the turf, the smaller owners and trainers and jockeys and stablemen and camp followers who trail the horses from place to place"—a band of devotees of whom the author says they are "completely inviolate in character and their island is bounded by a paddock fence."

We meet first the fat, drunken, somewhat pathetic Duke of Cumberland, third son of King George II, whose only saving grace seems to have been his fanatic devotion to horses. Somewhere along the line he decided that the Arabian strain was perhaps being overrefined, and so he bred the delicate beauty of Spiletta to an ugly, swaybacked English stallion named Marske and got Eclipse. The duke never lived to know that he had founded a dynasty. It is often such an unforeseen circumstance, the accidental contribution, that makes the world of racing the magic world it is. For example, at the end of the 19th century, the circumstance of Jockey Tod Sloan's abnormally short legs, which forced him upward and forward on his mounts, a style called "monkey-on-a-stick" by those who jeered but which eventually became the famous crouch style now used by all American jockeys. The British use the style, too, in modified form, though the French still sit more or less militarily upright in the saddle.

There was the circumstance of Jack Keene, who dynamited his property in Kentucky in search of capstones for a couple of gateposts and had so much rock left over that he decided to build a barn—whiskled to other things, namely the Keeneland racetrack. "Things happen like that in the world of racing where the laws of logic are the same as those of the *Lund of Oz*. It is the dissertations of the Mad Hatter rather than the critiques of Immanuel Kant that govern the course of racing."


If Thoroughbred racing properly began in a barn in England, then modern American commercial racing, says the author, began in a barber shop in San Francisco on another

day of darkness. Black Tuesday, October 29, 1929, for it was there that Charles Strub, former painless dentist and successful stock-market speculator of the West, learned by telephone that Wall Street had crashed, taking his millions with it. Doc Strub took his shave anyway and, there in the barber chair, conceived the notion of a racetrack, which came to be built on borrowed money at Santa Anita, coming to full flower on Christmas Day 1934. From that point on, the country was off to the races. Today 200 million tax dollars help support the governments of 27 states.

If Mr. Alexander is generous with his praise of those who have benefited racing, he is justifiably bitter about those who would ungrudgingly or otherwise destroy the sport of kings, namely, tax-hungry politicians who decree longer and longer racing seasons to provide more and more tax revenue. Thus horses, which in the Duke of Cumberland's day were not raced until they had reached a maturity of 5 years, now go through the gate when barely turned 2, or even before, and often suffer sudden and complete breakdowns from too much racing. "The supply simply cannot keep up with the demand, and the horses who fill the races are forced to run far too frequently." The politician then "becomes a ravishing spoiler insanely intent upon destroying the game—or horse—that lays the golden eggs."

If the author seems to harp a bit at his book about these dastardly villains, it is because the real hero of his labor of love is the horse itself. David Alexander, perched on his father's shoulder at the age of 8, won his own first wager at the Kentucky Derby in 1954, a year when the "hero" turned out to be a filly named Regret. Any kid who lived in Kentucky, he informs us, who did not bet on the Derby was considered a kook. Horses are often kooky, too, for they are "as varied in their natures as the people who own, train, groom, ride and bet on them." There were 1 sterminator, who used to acknowledge the applause of the crowd with a polite bow; No Robbery, who "would cavort from rail to rail, as if he were doing an uninhibited bacchanalian dance"; and liked to win races running sideways; a horse named Pageboy, who was no great shakes at the races but much beloved by his owner, Movie Producer Harry Warner, because he preferred California oranges to heavy oats; Jaguar, who stalked and kicked down fences when he was put on a diet before a race. And there is Kelso, whom the author calls the greatest racehorse in history, a horse that bears a striking resemblance to Sarcophagus' painting of his great ancestor, Eclipse. "If Kelso were mutagizing his own financial affairs," Alexander says, "he'd have spent every nickel on chocolate sundaes." So horses, like people, are funny, and "the world of racing has all the components of the greener world except one. It is never, under any circumstances, a world of breeders."

—JEANNETTE BRUCE



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SCORECARD

CLAY AND THE BEATLES

The sanctimonious uproar over John Lennon's characteristically flip remark that the Beatles are now more popular than Jesus and that Christianity is declining, which resulted in radio stations boycotting Beatles records and politicians seeking to cancel their concerts, is reminiscent of the chauvinistic furor over Cassius Clay's statement that he had no quarrel with those Viet Congs.

This week Clay, who was hounded out of the country by pompous super-patriots, is scheduled to further appeal his draft reclassification. There is, deplorably, every reason to believe that Clay would have already won his appeal if he hadn't popped off on Vietnam. As one Louisville draft board official admitted: "We wanted to grant his appeal, but after what he said what could we do?"

The point here is not whether Clay deserves to be drafted or whether Lennon should have made a retraction, which, in a way, he did, saying "I wasn't saying whatever they're saying I was saying." The point is that the public, which has been marvelously entertained by the innovative art and mode of Clay and the Beatles, at least owes them the privilege of being the loudmouths they are. Maybe the public does not deserve Clay and the Beatles. So let it watch dazzling Ernie Terrell and thrill to the great sound of Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs.

FOREST FIRE

A Senate subcommittee was scheduled to hold hearings this week on bills to create a redwood national park. Unless legislation is forthcoming, lumbermen will continue to reduce the forest to picnic tables and rumpus-room pantheing. As signs held by park supporters put it: BETTER BEDWOOD THAN DEADWOOD.

SEMI-CONTINENTAL MR. PAGLIARONI

It seems it takes a libel suit to bring out the best in a man. Take Jim Pagliaroni of the Pirates, who is suing Sportswriter Maury Allen and the *New York Post* for

the standard \$1 million because Allen wrote that Pagliaroni socked his manager and, according to Pagliaroni's lawyer, Allen further intimated that Pagliaroni was responsible for alleged dissension on the club. To the fan, Pag is just a guy who plays catch for the Pittsburghs and goes 1 for 4, but as his lawyer, James P. McArdle, sees him, Mr. Pagliaroni might have to be reintroduced to his mother.

Says McArdle: "Mr. Pagliaroni spent thousands of dollars to gain the reputation he previously enjoyed as a gentleman who was immaculately groomed and dressed, peaceful both on and off the field, and an astronomer who enjoyed looking at the stars through a telescope which his wife bought him. . . . Prior to [Allen's] nefarious article, he was known as a peacemaker in baseball. His wife and others say that he has no enemies, because he 'kills them with kindness.' Mr. Pagliaroni has a wardrobe that is described as 'semi-Continental.' . . . Manager Walker boosted Mr. Pagliaroni to the clean-up or fifth batting position in the lineup despite the fact that his average was lower than many other Pirate players', and because of his leadership qualities. No manager would do that with a player who punches him and creates dissension on the team. Mr. Pagliaroni is admired by a wide circle of people, Maury Wills, who is plagued by catchers who use every trick to keep him off base, stated recently on a radio program that he respects and talks to only two catchers and Mr. Pagliaroni is one of them. Mr. Pagliaroni has proven ability to get along with temperamental people like Ted Williams, who spent countless hours instructing him in batting techniques. . . . The team captain, Mr. William Mazeroski, exercises leadership on the field with the fine plays he makes, but otherwise is not very outspoken. Mr. Pagliaroni provides this important function in counseling his teammates and helping them resolve their problems, but is only outspoken in that

sense. . . . He arranged with the Pirate management for the players to be outfitted on the road with matching black jackets and gray slacks, an innovation to establish a well-dressed image and develop pride in their profession. . . ."

As for unkempt, poorly dressed Mr. Allen, whose outfits on the road rarely match, his lawyer is yet to be heard from.

FAT-FREE FOOTBALL

When University of Pittsburgh football players are asked how much they weigh, the reply is, "Underwater or on dry land?" Pitt has a new coach, Dave Hart, who wants a "lean and mean team," so last spring the players were weighed in the deep end of a swimming pool to determine their fat content. The weighing was carried out by Dr. Bruce J. Noble, associate professor of physical education and director of Pitt's Human Energy Research Laboratory. It's not a new stunt. In fact, it goes back to Archimedes yelling "Eureka!" in the bathtub after he discovered the principle of floating bodies.

The players were weighed by attaching a scale to a diving board, hooking one end of a rope to the scale and the other end to the player, who then jumped into the pool wearing skin-diving weights to keep him under. The scale recorded



body volume, which was converted to underwater weight by a series of calculations and adjustments for air in the body. By comparing "wet" and "dry" weights, the amount of fat was determined, since fat has the same density as water and is thus weightless underwater.

Halfback Dewey Chester, who weighed 195 dry, had the lowest fat content—

(continued)



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3%). In fact, he was described as "nice and dense." At the other extreme was 245-pound (dry) Tackle Bill Myones, who was 21 1/2 fat. However, as Dr. Noble pointed out, "You need to have a certain amount of fat for insulation and padding on the balls of the feet, palms and seat." As a result of the weighing and other tests, 50 players were told to lose from two to 32 pounds, and 11 players were ordered to gain from two to nine pounds. But, Dr. Noble admitted, "we're not convinced our information is sacrosanct." And with Pitt's schedule, the players will be lucky if they can keep their heads above water.

MOTHER VS. MOTHER

"Too often man is ungrateful for what Mother Nature has given him. His science and technology poison the air, cut down the forests, erode the soil, make sewers of the rivers. Is a befouled nature the price we have to pay for our modern comforts, our clothes, our means of transportation or even our health. . . ? Are they right who say this is the unavoidable 'overhead' of industrialization?"

Another Sierra Club blast? Not by a dam site. An editorial in the current issue of *Soviet Life*, a magazine published at Pushkin Square, Moscow. It looks like Mother Russia is giving Mother Nature a bad time, too.

"Why," *Soviet Life* asks, "in a socialist country whose constitution explicitly says the public interest may not be ignored with impunity, are industry executives permitted to break the laws protecting nature? Why is it . . . that the public now sounds the alarm, demanding new and stricter measures against industrial pollution of air and water? How is it that, despite our economic planning and our conservation laws, we see the ruinous effects of industrialization. . . ?"

Among other things, *Soviet Life* blames parochial department and ministry heads along with theoreticians who say: "'Construction may do nature damage, but our paramount task is to build a communist society. That done, we shall plant forests anew and populate our rivers with fish again. We have no time for such luxuries now. . . ."

Pointing out how sharp debates in the press led to the cancellation of the Nizhne-Volzhskaya hydropower project and the Ob River dam, *Soviet Life* concludes: "Public ownership of land, min-

continued



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eral wealth and means of production; economic planning; the scientific distribution of productive forces—we have these advantages. The point is to use them judiciously and efficiently rather than hope that the equities of socialism will set things right eventually."

NOT FOR REAL

The AstroTurf in the Astrodome is just the Astrobeginning. For example, the other day Judge Roy Hofheinz found a small, unidentified green object in the Houston outfield, which he said had to be an artificial grasshopper. Ah, good old grass, dirt, wood, even ice, will soon be as obsolete as moleskin. They're even making disposable paper sweat socks.

Artificial grass of all kinds and textures to meet the needs of football, soccer, tennis and golf, as well as baseball, are now being tested. Also in the works is artificial dirt, which is impervious to water, so that it doesn't turn into mud, and is treated so it can't be blown about by the wind and become dust. They're building reversible basketball floors out of lightweight plastic—on the flip side is a grassy surface for tennis—which women's heels can't damage, and "Gym Shoes Only" signs will soon be signs of the past. What's more, you can pour water on the floor and, with a wind machine at each corner, produce three inches of ice without a brine pipe system. The cost: \$1 a day to hold the ice, compared to \$50 a day at present. That is, if you have no use for plastic ice—which will also be available.

And the competitive swimming pool of the future will be made of lightweight steel and aluminum and will be portable so it can be used indoors in cold weather and outdoors in the warmer months. But, as far as is known, no one has yet devised artificial water.

STRANGERS IN PARADISE

Big and large, man has an unreasonable loathing for snakes, although the non-poisonous varieties have at least as good dispositions as bunny rabbits and are a good deal cleaner. Be that as it may, the Hawaiian Tourist Bureau entices visitors to the Islands by bragging that there hasn't been a snake in Hawaii since the Mesozoic era.

Then, two weeks ago, a s-n-a-k-e slithered across a Honolulu highway and was attacked by an incredulous motorist. The snake disappeared into the under-

continued

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SCORECARD continued

growth, where a large, fearless band of snake hunters discovered its carcass two hours later. The following night another snake was discovered and set upon by four motorists, who repeatedly ran over it with their cars while four valiant housewives stood by with brooms. The snakes' remains were taken to a quarantine station where the first was identified as a gopher snake and the second as a milk snake—both eminently harmless.

The snakes were front page in the Hawaiian papers. Quarantine and agricultural officials were bombarded with hysterical calls and the police were sent on many a wild snake chase. Kenneth Ottagaki, chairman of the State Board of Agriculture, warned of the "serious consequences" that could result if snakes were ever established in Hawaii and asked the public to turn informer and report the whereabouts of any snakes kept illegally as pets. As a result of his plea, six snakes were uncovered and Ottagaki has a report of a seventh.

Authorities feel that the first two snakes were either smuggled into Hawaii or arrived undetected in containers of cattle or chicken feed from California. The containers are packed in the fields, and the inspection in Honolulu confines merely of opening the container for a quick look-see, the theory being that if any snakes are inside they will remain up front where the air is best.

Honolulu Zoo Director Jack Throp, who has long pushed for legislation permitting snakes at the zoo, sought to calm the populace, emphasizing that snakes are not necessarily harmful and might even benefit Hawaii. "They're better for catching rats than mongooses," he said. "And they're less nosy than dogs."

But William Look, Hawaii's chief quarantine inspector, was unimpressed. "Until the legislature changes the law," he said, "we will do our best to eradicate the snakes." True to his word, Look has intensified the inspection of feed containers, but to date all his men have turned up are one live rat, several clumps of dirt and a new breed of mosquito.

34-2 AND 68-81

The states of Texas and Pennsylvania have lately been fussing over who plays the best football. Well, now we're going to tell you who—Texas. Last week in the third annual game between high school all-star teams from Texas and Pennsylvania, Texas won a laugh, 34-2. As

continued



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a matter of fact, Pennsylvania doesn't even play the second best. According to the Athletic Institute of Chicago, which has its figures on the high schools attended by players on NFL rosters last season, 68 pros came from Texas, 60 were Californians and 51 hailed from Pennsylvania. While we're at it, Notre Dame supplied the NFL with more players than any other university (22), followed by Michigan State (16) and USC (15).

THE WILD EAST

Noel Evans, who owns an engineering firm, goes under the name of Marshal Jim Slade. His sidekick, Clive St. Leger Gordon-Lowendge, an oil-company supervisor, calls himself Lefty. These gun slingers hang their Sietsons in Manchester, England and are members of a cowboy cult, consisting of western clubs and quick-draw societies, which, according to London's *TF Times*, is sweeping Britain, Germany and France.

Explains Evans: "Every man is a cowboy at heart. People walk out of a western film feeling 10 feet tall. It makes them feel brave and proud." Evans proudly lives in a western getup, minus six-guns, seven days a week. He even bravely goes to work in it. But then he set up the Lucky Dollar Saloon, complete with poker game and honky-tonk piano player, in a corner of his plant, so he can feel at home. "It takes a lot of courage to wear this gear," he says. "Most people think we're nuts."

A rocky region on the Yorkshire-Derbyshire boundary serves as a first-class substitute for the Badlands. Up in them thar hills Slade, Lefty and other top guys can be as ornery or virtuous as they please while they blaze away.

"We treat the whole business like some men might treat a game of golf or any other form of relaxation," says Evans. "And we play it to rigid safety rules."

What about their French and German rivals? "I'm afraid I can't take them seriously," says Evans. "They're just dudes."

THEY SAID IT

- Jack Nicklaus, asked how he missed an 18-inch putt: "The same way you do."
- Lou Burdette, Angels pitcher, asked about a batted ball which bounced off his leg and into the glove of teammate Joe Adcock: "This wasn't my best assist. I once started a double play with my forehead."

END



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LOCKS vs. BOOM BOOM

With two of the NFL's highest-priced rookies hot after their jobs, the famed Pecker pair of Hornung and Taylor are in the best shape of their careers. As a result, the problems now belong to Donny and Grabbo by DAN JENKINS

In Green Bay, Wisconsin, that romantic city lying quaintly by the banks of Holzer's Drug Store, the questions seem as poignant as those on daytime television. Can two young, handsome, adventurous millionaires find true happiness in a town where living it up means buying a new mackinaw? Will the happy people in their colorful regional costumes take them to their bosoms? Can Boom Boom beat out Locks on the field and in the gossip columns? Is Grabbo the Pole to end the ethnic jokes? And what of the old man, Coach Lombardi—Sir? Can he handle it all? Can they? Can U Thant? Last week all of pro football was awaiting the answers as breathlessly as Donny Anderson and Jim Grabowski were awaiting the Wall Street closings.

There are always a lot of suspenseful questions during the teasing exhibition season as the pros shove their blocking sleds around from moldy Peckskill to steamy Thousand Oaks. Since training began in early July, however, most of the important ones have been resolved. Jim Brown stayed in London and quit the game. John Brodie came back from Hawaii and signed. Otto Graham claimed he was misquoted again. Ernie Ladd moved his 315-pound appetite from San Diego to Houston, a place

with more groceries. And Al Davis finally got another job. Thus the interest now centers on Green Bay and one of the more fascinating situations of any year. Green Bay is where that million-dollar pair of rookies, \$711,000 Donny (Boom Boom) Anderson of Texas Tech and \$355,000 Jim (Grabbo) Grabowski of Illinois, are merely trying to unemploy two of the game's best players, Paul Hornung (also known as Locks, as in Golds) and Jim Taylor (*see cover*), who just happen to have led the Packers to three NFL championships in five years.

It seems preposterous on the surface—like Holzer's trying to beat out the Eiffel Tower as a postcard subject—but if so, why did Vince Lombardi spend all that money? Why are Hornung and Taylor in the best shape of their lives? The real question is not whether the rookies will take over, but when.

That day, barring injuries to Hornung and Taylor, will not come tomorrow, next week or next month. In fact, it may not have come even by the end of the 1966 season—after the Packers have beaten Baltimore in sudden death for the Western Division title, Cleveland in sudden death for the NFL championship, Buffalo in sudden death for the world championship and after Commissioner Pete Rozelle has ignored challenges from the Continental, North American and Canadian leagues.

But the battle is on, a complex en-

tanglement of abilities and personalities. There is the Golden Palomino, Anderson, from the dusty, flat plains of Texas, against the Golden Boy, Hornung—both of them flashy, swinging types noted for their indulgence in women, clothes and rich, rare steak. Then there is the Polish workhorse from Illinois, Grabowski, who had erased Red Grange's records, against the Bayou workhorse from Louisiana, Taylor. Hovering over them is Lombardi. And none of the five will soon find himself out of the spotlight that a fascinated country has turned on Green Bay.

Since the Packers' primary concern is winning another title, everyone naturally would like to pretend that there is nothing unusual in town except the presence of a few new exercising machines. Sure, a couple of new guys are around. What are their names—Granderson and Dubrowski? Good kids. Hope they make the cut. And the early statements went like this:

Lombardi: They're not the highest-paid ballplayers in history, and they won't cause any discussion.

Hornung: Taylor and I have always had good bucks behind us.

Taylor: I don't need another man to push me. Whatever drive I have comes from my own pride.

That's swell, except for one thing. Hornung and Taylor, who are now 30 years old, are in the best

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART BART

"Locks" Hornung strains against a device to strengthen his legs during rigorous training.

shape ever. All of the veteran Packers appear to be. They are tanned and feisty and eager, as they demonstrated on Aug. 5 when they demolished the College All Stars 38-0. Taylor, the hutching inside runner, looked quicker than in the past as he took pichouts and went wide, then cut downfield. Once, on a 13-yard touchdown run, Taylor squirmed through a hole and was across the goal before the All-Star deep backs could turn their heads. Hornung, at the same time, ran his sweeps and off-tackle plays as if he'd shed five years. Close as ever behind his guards, Fuzzy Thurston and Jerry Kramer, he practically hurdled them once or twice, and jerked and hulled for extra yardage like a . . . uh . . . rookie. So far, it has been the best training camp the Packers have ever had, and clearly the knowledge that the high-priced rookies were coming in has been partly responsible.

Meanwhile, nearly all the Packers have been struggling hard to be realistic and philosophical about Anderson and Grahowski.

Before the College All-Star Game in Chicago, before Donny and Grabo had even reported, Hornung relaxed in his room at the Drake Hotel along with Thurston and End Max McGee, his roommate for nine years, and talked about it.

"I've met 'em," he said. "They seem like good kids, shy like all rookies at

first. Anderson's got some color. He throws you some lines, at least I've read some. He's a hell of an athlete. He can do a lot of things. But you can't make anything out of this money deal. I'm for anyone getting all he can. I've got mine. So these kids came along at a time when the really big money was being thrown around."

Hornung, his golden hair gleaming, his cuff links shining, said, "They're not gonna step right in. They've got to learn the plays and fit in with the guys. Hell, they'll play Elijah Pitts and Tom Moore played a lot. I think all of us just want them to help us be a better team."

Fuzzy Thurston squirmed on one of the twin beds and said, "Take Anderson. From what I've heard, he's a completely different type of runner than Paul. He does things his own way. He slams in there and goes outside, too, but Paul follows his blockers 100% . . . the best ever at that kind of thing. Anderson will have to learn a lot of variations on every play, the taps and manerisms of his blockers, how to take the hand-offs. And he'll have to block himself. Our backs work on every play in our offense."

McGee, stretched out on a bed in his undershorts, said, "He's gonna have to be a mover to take over as social leader." Max raised up. "You know how I got to be Hornung's roommate? The first time I ever saw him in a hotel room

in Winston-Salem, where the team was when I got out of the service. I walked into a poker game. . . ."

"We don't do that anymore," Fuzzy interrupted wistfully.

Max continued, "I walked in and looked around the table and there was Paul, just a rookie, sitting there with all the cheese in front of him. I said, 'You, baby, you belong to me from now on!'"

Hornung enjoys his reputation as one of the first-class swingers in pro ball, a man who would almost rather fumble than be seen in the company of an unattractive young lady; he is a check-grabber, a stylish dresser, Golden Boy. But getting that label was accidental, he said. "You come from Notre Dame and you get seen in a few good restaurants and you've got the image."

It is widely believed that Donny Anderson, honest and likeable one moment, an amusing con man the next, desires the same kind of reputation. While a tremendous athlete (6 feet 2, 215 pounds) who can run, catch and kick, he keeps getting himself involved in situations that might well make him another Hornung—off the field, at least.

For example, the Oilers flew him into Houston last winter, hoping to sign him. They had a lavish suite for him at the Warwick Hotel, a date with a pretty coed, and an expensive evening planned. The Oilers' publicity man, Jim McLemore, greeted him at the airport and was halfway through the line of festivities when Donny said, "Hey, wait a minute. No college breads."

"Huh?" said McLemore.

"No college breads," said Donny.

"Sure, Donny," said Jim. "Whatever you want to do is fine."

Donny was no less direct another time last winter when Rea Schuevler, the director of the Senior Bowl, called him long distance in the hope of getting him to play in the Mobile game.

"Hi, Donny," said Rea in his high-pitched, friendly southern voice. "This is Rea Schuevler of the Senior Bowl down here in Mobile Bay, old huddy, can you use a thousand dollars?"

"Naw," said Donny, after a brief pause (tick).

"He's just honest," explained Bill Holmes, the publicist at Texas Tech. "I hear these stories and they don't surprise me, but he's a real good kid. I think he says the things he does because he's



In routine rookie contest Donny Anderson sings "You Can't Roller-skate in a Buffalo Herd."

honest. Sometimes he's joking. Like when he says he doesn't admire Horning, that you don't admire anyone. He means he wants to make it with his own style. And like in the dressing room after the Gator Bowl. He lit up a cigar, and when a writer asked him when was the last time he had smoked a cigar, Donny said, "Last night." He makes good copy."

Horning is amused by all of Anderson's quotes, even the words he spoke to a writer who had expressed some disappointment in his speed: "All I got to be, Stud, is one step faster than Horning." But Paul insists that this is not the Donny he has known up to now.

"He still seems shy to me," said Horning. "He's been going around calling everybody maver. Look, he's gonna be fine because he's a football player. I'm not gonna play forever. A couple of more years, maybe. I've been playing football since I was 6. I'd like to be on one more winner, go out on a high tide and get into television. Just looking at the situation, I've got to say that Anderson has a better chance of beating me out than Grabowski does at beating out Taylor."

Jim Grabowski, who even as a sophomore was a Rose Bowl star, is not the spectacular runner that Anderson is. Where Anderson combines quickness and change of pace, moves and power, Grabowski's main attributes are hard hitting and durability. He frequently carried the ball 30 and 40 times in a single game against Big Ten lines and gained 2,878 yards in three years of doing it. Polite, talkative and mature, he is a far different personality.

"I could have got more money from Miami," Jim says. "Just as Donny probably could have got more from Houston. But the Packers are sort of the Yankees, or what the Yankees were. I think we both feel we want to make it with the best. It's not the most exciting town in the world, but you can be a winner in Green Bay right away. We've got a lot to learn, Heck. I think if we averaged 10 minutes a game we'd be happy. I was flattered when the Packers drafted me. After all, when the impression is given you're being groomed to replace one of the finest fullbacks in the game it does a lot for your confidence."

"I don't think I'll get discouraged," Jim tells you. "Coach Lombardi has already told us to relax—we're going to make the team. If it worked out that I

split time with Taylor, that would be great. More than I expect, in fact. The discipline should help both Donny and me. We won't be sitting around on any blocking dummies. I don't imagine."

He went on, "We're already used to all the razzing about the money. We got that in All-Star camp. We kad about it, too. I tell Donny I'll trade checks with him. We may room together, although my girl friend—I'm getting married in November—isn't too happy about it. She's heard the rumor that Donny likes girls."

When Anderson and Grabowski arrived from Chicago last week, the people of Tillesstown, USA, turned out in hundreds to line the workout field and take a peek at the precious rookies. They were not there to cheer but to be shown. A few small voices said, "Good luck," as Anderson, in an absurd helmet several sizes too small minus chin strap and face guard, and Grabowski, wearing a frazzled jersey, trotted around, took their exercises and then began fumbling hand-offs from Quarterback Bart Starr. At one point Donny said, "Jim and I don't know anything. We're way behind. In college the holes were numbered, but here they've got names—fan and fly and that stuff. It makes me feel stupid. My foot bothers me, too. I can't do the things I want to do on it."

"Don't worry about your foot," said Grabowski, referring to the ankle injury

Anderson received in the All-Star game. "When Coach Lombardi yells, 'No grips on the field,' it'll get better."

Later Grabowski said, "Boy, I never had to run my plays 40 yards downfield in a skeleton drill before. I feel like I'm starting all over."

Gradually, by the end of the week, everyone became more relaxed. Anderson and Grabowski had been through the agonizing procedure of singing in front of the team in the dining room. They had slowly begun to know the Packers individually and had found them prideful, practical men. Pros, in other words.

Jim Taylor had even stopped some plays in the workouts to show the rookies where to hit the holes. Horning had given tips about hand-offs. In all, the rookies had mastered only four running plays. It would be a long process. But Lombardi had said, "I feel twice blessed. We didn't figure we'd get both of them. They'll be O.K. They'll help us. As for our older players, they know the facts of life. They know everybody's job depends on what a man does today."

When last seen, Anderson was indeed rooming with Grabowski and saying, "Jim's gal don't like me. She thinks I'm a bad influence, but that's not true. It's just that Jim wants one woman, and I want one woman in every town."

Now, really, how could Horning dislike a guy like Donny?

END



Grabowski serenades Packers with "Strangers in the Night." Both were strangers to music.

A GALLIC GAUNTLET ON THE SNOW

With eight of her 14 skiers winning medals, with Killy winning the downhill, Perillat the giant slalom and Marielle Goitschel almost everything else, France walked away with the Portillo world championships **by BOB OTTUM**

When the FIS World Ski Championships finally departed from Portillo, Chile last Sunday night, France, which 10 years ago was a ski threat the equal of Chile itself, packed up six gold medals, seven silver and three bronze (16 out of a possible 24, the most any country had won in the history of world Alpine competition, 1 for Austria, which is accustomed to winning most everything, for the U.S., which always seems to be full of promises not quite realized and for the rest of the ski world, the gauntlet had been cast on the snow. The French now go into the next world championships—the Grenoble Olympics, only 18 months away—as the ones

to heat on their own home mountains.

The French began beating the thermal socks off everybody around on the opening day of competition. First, Annie Famose and Marielle Goitschel had wriggled into their new superclinging, superstretch, shiny blue racing uniforms, and had won first and second place in the women's special slalom. The highly promising U.S. women's team was in four of the next six places (Sl. Aug. 15). Then Jean-Claude Killy, France's slalom and giant slalom specialist, won the first international downhill of his life. Teammate Leo Lacroix was second, and the French medal collection began to make a very loud clink. The fol-

lowing day, Monday, was the only really bright day for Austria. Eighteen-year-old Erika Schiniger, an Austrian milkmaid when she is not skiing, won the women's downhill, and her normal placidity erupted into a day-long smile. But who was second and third? Why, Marielle and Annie, *here we are*, and the French team was hugging and kissing everybody all over again, including a few Chileans who had climbed down out of the bleachers and got in the line because it looked like so much fun. America's 19-year-old Suzi Chaffee won some kisses of her own when she came in fifth.

It was the sort of performance guar-



Soaring over the funnel bump, Jean-Claude Killy begins his assault on the world ski title by winning the first important downhill of his career.

anted to forestall handsprings in the snow by the other 21 nations, who had never intended to serve as a supporting cast to the French in Portillo. The attack on France's supremacy began to take on a desperate air. And as their challengers grew more tense, the French seemed to become even more relaxed, gliding toward more medals down courses that were as good as any ever prepared for a world ski meet. Bataillons of Chilean mountain troops in white caps and puttees, their arms locked, marched and lurched up and down the hills from dawn to dusk to foot-pack the snow.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the men's giant slalom was run in two heats for the first time. The courses snaked like wide, hammered-out beehives runs down the steep *Nido de Condors* (Condors' Nest). The first day's run, 4,702 feet long, with a vertical drop of 1,573 feet, was nothing to worry about—if it didn't jar the fillings out of your head—and the results were familiar. Killy, skating most of the way, arms and poles flailing wildly, crossed the finish line and flopped down on his side, one arm propped under his head, and began to munch on pieces of snow. His time was 1:37.22, best of the day, followed by teammate Guy Perillat and Austria's fading superman, Karl Schranz.

The second day's run was something else again—the steepest giant slalom in FIS history. The run took racers down a 52-gate track, hairpinning around a narrow gorge in the rocks called *The Garganta* (The Throat) and hitting a 37° pitch. "When you come to *The Garganta*," said Austrian Egon Zimmermann, "suddenly the course goes straight down, and for a few moments you feel as if you are falling. You are falling." From the bottom you could see the racers come flying through the Throat, wheeing into the next gate like miniatures of men trying, not for speed, but to keep on their feet. When it was over, Killy had faltered at the top and was in fifth place. But, never fear, France was there, all right. Guy Perillat, perhaps the most stylish racer in the world, with a vast collection of second- and third-place medals, had, at 26, won his first world championship. A teammate, Georges Mauduit, was second. Schranz was third, and Jimmy Heuga, with best American time, was 13th.

Thursday was women's day once more. And, on Thursday, the perfect sunny weather that had held for the first week



Chilean teammates Véronique Vogt, Juanita Quiro, Verónica Saez won the girl-watcher vote

of competition was gone. Winds began to blow filmy puffs of snow off the tops of the Andes, and by race time at noon the light was so flat on the women's giant slalom course that you couldn't detect a mogul two feet high.

The slope was as steep in places as the men's course, and there were plenty of spills—including that of America's Jean Saubert. Canada's Nancy Greene came in fourth, her right arm, banged up in a fall in the downhill, so full of Novocain that her pole had to be taped to her unfeeling hand. Florence Steurer, baby of the French team, was third, Heidi Zimmermann of Austria was second; and Marielle Gotschel was first, winning two gold medals for France—one for the event and one for the combined, a feat she says she will duplicate at Grenoble in 1968. Penny McCoy, only U.S. medalist, was sidelined by a sprained ankle.

As a storm brought fresh snow and an air of apprehension that there might be a duplication of a roadblock that would maroon the teams, as one had done in the pre-FIS races last year (SI, August 23, 1965), another storm broke within. The FIS had established an innovation in world Alpine competition: elimination slaloms held the day before the official special slalom to cut the field in half and give the youngsters with fewer FIS points a chance to come from behind. The Europeans, with plenty of FIS points, complained loudly—and, on a day when winning brought no medals, saw such favorites as Killy and Schranz

playing it safe and barely squeaking into the finals.

Despite the complaints, the shake-up system worked. Sunday brought out the sun, the first real throng of spectators—and a slalom victory for a little-known Italian named Carlos Semoner, who finished the two courses in a combined time of 1:01.56. The Italians, with their first victory, proceeded to give even the French a lesson in finish-line kissing. Guy Perillat was second with 1:02.25, and yet another Frenchman, Louis Jauffret, third. Jimmy Heuga, with the best U.S. men's race of the meet, was sixth, earning him fourth place in the combined standings as well. Schranz fell, and Killy, cooling it, came in eighth, winning the men's combined world championship.

On Sunday night the greatest Portillo downhill of all began as the east evacuated the scene of the most remote world championship in the annals of sport. By army trucks, Jeeps and taxi fleets they raced down the switchback road, hunk under the treacherous tunnels at the end of the downhill, back to Santiago. From there the jubilant French took off for the beaches of Rao; the Austrians, anticipating perhaps the kind of stony reception given to losing World Cup soccer teams, started for home the long way around—with Australia as next stop. And Bob Beattie and his Americans headed for the snow fields of Bend, Ore. for a work session in the late-summer snow that will—hopefully—give them a head start on next year.

END

THE HOTTEST TEAM IN BASEBALL

Led by a 33-year-old manager who never played higher than Class B, Cincinnati has been on a rampage since the All-Star Game. The secret is Dave Bristol's policy of letting everybody get into the act **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Last Friday night at Crosley Field a young outfielder by the name of Art Shamsky, who had been spending the evening in quiet meditation on the Cincinnati bench, was suddenly put into a game against the Pittsburgh Pirates in the top of the eighth inning. The score at the time of Shamsky's entrance was Pittsburgh 7, Cincinnati 6. In the bottom of the inning Shamsky came to bat and homered over the center-field fence with one man on. Score: Reds 8, Pirates 7. By the time they came to bat in the 10th the Reds were again a run behind. So Shamsky homered again. Score 9-9. Pittsburgh promptly scored twice more in the 11th and, ho-hum, with two out and a runner on base Shamsky homered to tie the game once more. Eventually the Reds lost 14-11 in the 13th inning of what the 25,477 fans who saw it as well as the players who participated in it called "the wildest game of modern time." But consider for the moment the after-game reactions of Art Shamsky.

Three consecutive times under tremendous pressure he had produced the ultimate. He should have been an extremely happy 24-year-old. Instead, when the game ended he sat in front of his locker, staring at his dirty spikes. Barely turning his head, he answered all the questions politely. No, he had never hit three home runs in a game anywhere that he could recall. Yes, the writers could say that he felt it had been his finest game ever. When Shamsky was asked to go on a postgame radio show called *Star of the Game*, however, he refused both the honor and the \$25 that accompanied it. "I'm sorry, but I really don't feel up to it," he said. "I'm in a hurry to get home." When told of Shamsky's actions, the 33-year-old genius responsible for that moment of inspiration back in the eighth inning nodded in approval. "That's quite an attitude," said Dave Bristol. "When you lose there are no stars."

It is conceivable that you may have heard of Art Shamsky, but unless you

have recently watched baseball in Hornell or Geneva, N.Y., Visalia, Calif., Palatka, Fla., Topeka, Kans., Macon, Ga., or San Diego, the chances are you have never heard of Dave Bristol. After nine years of managing in such whistlestops on the way to the big leagues, today Bristol is the youngest man to take over a major league team since Lou Boudreau was appointed playing manager of the Cleveland Indians at the age of 24 back in 1941. And since becoming manager of the Reds after the All-Star break, Bristol has turned them into the hottest team in baseball. Virtually moribund from opening day until Bristol's appointment, Cincinnati had suddenly won 22 of 33 games.

Fairly last week, the largest crowd in eight seasons (32,552) showed up inside Crosley Field to watch a team that during the early part of the season under Don Heffner had drawn fewer than 10,000 people in 20 of its first 35 home dates. Bristol's name was all over Cincinnati as the man who had rallied the Reds, and whatever he was doing, it was working like a magic potion.

"Slumping?" Deron Johnson wasn't slumping anymore. Sammy Ellis was beginning to recover from a horrendous start. Tommy Harper's promise was being fulfilled, and the boom, hit-and-run and steal were clicking once again. There was also a native wit to Bristol that Ohioans liked. His theory on coaching third base was, "It's just like a Marine Corps induction center. If you run enough of 'em through they can't all be rejected." He said that he chewed tobacco because he had been told that a young manager would look silly chewing bubble gum, although he recalled some trouble he had because of chewing tobacco back in the minor leagues. "I got into a good argument in San Diego and the tobacco went down the wrong tube. I not only lost the argument but went right down to my knees."

Aside from his youth, the oddest thing about Bristol's sudden emergence as a

major league manager is the fact that he never rose higher than Class B as a player. Prior to being hired this year as a coach for the Reds, Bristol had seen only 25 major league games—and most of those were at the end of last season when he scouted the Minnesota Twins for Cincinnati in case the Reds got into the 1965 World Series. Originally signed to a \$15,000 bonus by the Reds in 1950, Bristol played infield for five more or less mediocre minor league years. "I guess I realized," he says, "that I wasn't going to make it to the major leagues as a player because I had troubles throwing, hitting and fielding. But I wanted to stay in the game and turned my thoughts to managing. One night early in 1957 when I was playing in Wausau, Wis. in the Northern League, the manager, Walter Novick, called me in and said, 'I'm going to release you—to become a manager.'"

"It was a Saturday night and the Reds were going to start a new team in Hornell and play on Tuesday. We had 12 players for the first game, and three of them were pitchers. I was playing manager, and so scared I couldn't even field a ball at second base. But the three pitchers each went nine innings, and we won our first three games. The fourth day when some guy walked into the park and said he was a pitcher, I signed him up."

That first season Bristol's team finished seventh, and the next season it was moved to Geneva, where it finished second and later won the playoffs. Bristol's own performance also seemed to improve as he managed and his explanation for two consecutive .300 years is, "I didn't want to be on the short end." From 1960 to 1965 he kept moving up as a manager, and success followed success. His teams were never lower than third, and they won pennants for him in the Florida State League, the Three-A League and the Pacific Coast League.

Along the line Bristol handled 16 of the current Reds, and for five years he managed Tommy Helms, the fine young infielder who is among the National



Youngest manager since Boudreau: Tobacco-munching Bristol spent 15 years in the bushes

League's top hitters (.308) and probably its Rookie of the Year as well. Bristol began to get the idea that his days as a playing manager were through when in three straight seasons his competitors for second base were Tommy Harper, Pete Rose and Helms. "I didn't know anything about signs and things and the techniques of the game when I first went to Dave," says Helms. "He teaches ball players how to give themselves up to help the team. There are no favorites. I read that his daughter has my picture hanging in her room, and that's quite a thing. But take a look at those nice clothes he wears. He bought most of those with the lines he put on me. But what he does so well is to make every man a part of the team. He'll fight for you, too. Firstfight, I've seen him in many fights, but I never saw him win one."

Bristol, who comes from Andrews,

N.C., is not an "I" manager, and one of the hardest things for him to do is explain how the Reds got off to such a bad start. Cincinnati did not hit at all early in the season, and some people felt that they were standing around feeling sorry for themselves because Frank Robinson was no longer with the team. None of the players want to openly criticize Don Heckner, the deposed manager, since they feel that their own poor play had quite a bit to do with his demise. But many of them also feel that Heckner was not running a 25-man team.

"What Bristol has done," says Gordy Coleman, "is to restore the self-pride and self-respect of all 25 men. They come to the park knowing that they are going to be used in some way to help win. For a professional athlete it is not enough to stand up when someone else hits a homer and to pat him on the back and

shake his hand and then sit down and be through for the day. You have to get a chance to contribute, or you begin to lose your own self-respect."

Ever since the Reds won their last pennant back in 1961 under Fred Hutchinson they have been either the springtime favorites or colts-onies to win. After the 1965 season, when Cincinnati scored 117 more runs than any other team in the league yet finished in fourth place with a pitching staff that only the Mets could cover. Owner Bill DeWitt fired Manager Dick Sisler. Sisler was a popular person in Cincinnati. When the announcement was made of his firing early in October, 500 people were polled in downtown Cincinnati concerning the wisdom of the move. Only 75 agreed with DeWitt. Three weeks later DeWitt chose as Sisler's successor the 54-year-old Don Heckner, a friend of DeWitt's since 1938 and also a man who had been criticized several times in the press for the conservative way he coached third base for the Mets. Heckner was given a two-year contract, and when he was asked at his opening press conference if he had any ideas about trades, he said, "That's DeWitt's field."

The results of the way DeWitt played his field are already a part of the game's folklore. In December he traded Frank Robinson to the Baltimore Orioles for Pitchers Milt Pappas, Jack Baldschmidt and Outfielder Dick Simpson, thereby creating a running gag among ballplayers. "You know how little boys say their prayers in Baltimore? They get down on their knees every night and say, 'God bless Mommy, God bless Daddy, and God bless Bill DeWitt.'" Among the fans in Cincinnati there are variations.

Right from the start of this season things went wrong for the Reds. Three times in a row their traditional Opening Day game was rained out, and when they finally did get started they lost 13 of their first 17. Late in June Cincinnati won 10 of 11, but this was followed by disaster. Just prior to the All-Star Game the club went on an 11-game losing streak and toppled to eighth place, 16 games behind San Francisco. Don Heckner went home for the All-Star break and never returned.

The man who returned in his stead is still very young—far too young, some would say, to be Manager of the Year. But he's already got a lock on the last two weeks of July and the first two in August.

END

A RUN-IN WITH RUPP



IN AWARD-DOTTED GEN BRYANT POSES WITH MARY HARMON, WHO MADE IT ALL POSSIBLE BY ACCEPTING 32 YEARS OF NEGLECT

AND TROUBLE DOWN IN TEXAS

For the first time football's master recruiter tells of the clash that made him give up his new Kentucky home and head west to A&M, where blood, sweat and alumni brought him success—and probation

by PAUL BRYANT with JOHN UNDERWOOD



The first thing a football coach needs when he is starting out is a wife who is willing to put up with a whole lot of neglect. The second thing is at least a five-year contract. He needs five years so he can set up his program and surround himself with people who are winners, people who believe in what he is trying to do. If the program is sound and he can say the hell with the grumblers and go about his business, then he'll win and he'll teach his players lessons that will make them better men.

All right, so he needs a contract that gives him time, and a lot of people are going to say, "Well, Bryant is a good one to talk about contracts, because he knows how to break them." But let me tell you what a contract is for. It's for the protection of the university president against the alumni or whoever else might not like it when the coach doesn't win the championship that first year after everybody has been bragging on him, because then the president can say, "Well, he's got a contract."

It doesn't always work out that easy, of course, which you can see by the coaches that get bought off every year. But anybody—the publisher of this magazine, the president of a school—anybody is going to consider moving to a better job if he thinks he's found one. I left Kentucky with nine years on my contract. I left Texas A&M with seven years to go, and Maryland, too, when I didn't have a contract. I feel now I wouldn't leave Alabama under any circumstance, but I've said that before.

The only way I could ever feel bad

about leaving a place is if I'd failed to win, failed to have done what I went there to do. At Texas A&M, if I could have guaranteed them in advance the conference championship we won in three years they would have given me a million dollars and a three-year contract and said, O.K., go to it. What do you think they'd have said at Kentucky, if I could have assured them four bowl teams in eight years? Kentucky had never won anything in football. Sure, some of the folks I left behind were hurt, really hurt and disappointed in me, and I don't blame them. Once or twice there I wasn't bettering myself at all, but I have no regrets. I went out and hid and worked and got them something our boys got them something they would have given their lives for.

Anyway, when I was playing at Alabama I knew it was just a matter of time before I'd be coaching, and once I got into coaching I knew the only kind of coach I wanted to be was a head coach. I wasn't a good football player. I played on good teams at Alabama—great teams, as a matter of fact. We went to the Rose Bowl and we had great players, and I was just a guy named Joe on the other end of the line from Don Hutson. But football came easy for me, and I was always a student of the game. I liked to play and to win. Hell, I even liked to practice. I still do. It was just hog's heaven as far as I was concerned.

When I graduated Don Hutson was playing with the Packers. I stayed to be an assistant under Frank Thomas. I'd married the prettiest little girl

continued

on the campus. Mary Harmon Black, who has put up with me for 32 years now, and I was eager to make my fortune. I borrowed a thousand dollars for my share, and Don and I bought us a cleaning-and-pressing place. It was a sorry shop, but we captured most of the business. We had a girl in every sorority teuting for us, and Hank Crisp, Thomas' No. 1 assistant, put me in charge of equipment. Naturally he gave me the business of cleaning the team's uniforms.

If we could have collected for all the business we did, we'd have made a lot of money. But if we had had to pay for everything we ruined we'd have gone to jail. I'll never forget Coach Hank. We had new uniforms in 1938, and after the first game I sent them over to our place for cleaning. The boys must have used hot water or something, because when the jerseys came back they had shrunk—looked like doll clothes. I was sick. Coach Hank threw a fit, and it was a good thing I was his pet, because he covered for me and ordered new uniforms.

I remember so well, they were having this ROTC day, when the governor was coming, and Hutson and I had all the uniforms to clean. The ceremony was for 1 o'clock. At about 12 we came into our place, and there were stacks of dirty uniforms in the back room. I guarantee you halfway to the ceiling, and outside a line of ROTC cadets three blocks long. Well, we served 'em one at a time, fast as a uniform was pressed—and if it wasn't pressed we gave it out anyway. "Here, son, try this on. Dh, yes, it fits perfect. Perfect fit. You look good. O.K. Next."

So it was clear to me, as it always was, that I was going to have to work pretty darn hard to be a success at anything, and the thing I worked hardest at in those days was recruiting. As a result, I have a reputation for being a great recruiter, although my assistants do all the work now, and they do a heck of a job, let me tell you, because good football players don't come knocking. I bet I don't see more than six boys a year. I hate to recruit. But back then I loved it, and if there was one thing that got me going as a coach it was recruiting.

Well, there are a lot of stories. We used to hide boys out, what the pros call baby-sitting now, and take them off places on boats or go hunting or ride them around and get them won, and we used every trick you could think of.

Frank Leahy used to tell everybody that when I was at Kentucky I dressed up our manager, Jim Murphy, in a priest's outfit to recruit Gene Donaldson away from Notre Dame. Maybe Jim Murphy did tell Donaldson he was a priest. Shucks, I'd have told him Murphy was Pope Pius if I'd thought we would get him that way.

Usually, though, it is just a matter of seeing a boy and seeing him again, and you keep seeing him until you win him. When you get down to it it's wrong, because the boy ought to go where he likes, and he shouldn't have a bunch of slick-talking salesmen influencing his life or selling him on something he doesn't want. If a boy wants to go to Auburn he should go there. If he wants to go to Alabama, the same thing.

But you take him and you wine and dine him and make a big fuss over him, and it takes a pretty solid kid to stand it. Then he gets to college and finds out he's just another guy. Last spring I had a daddy at scrimmage, and I could see he wasn't very happy. We'd gotten his boy when everybody in the country was after him, and there he was on the fifth team in this scrimmage. I made it a point to go over and tell the daddy how proud we were to have his boy at Alabama and that he was going to make it, never doubt that, and not to let the boy get discouraged. He must have passed on what I said, because on Monday the boy really perked up. It used to be I wouldn't take the time. I'd say, well, dadgummit, if he doesn't want to play, then take him on home.

Anyway, recruiting was a challenge to me. It was something new, and I got a kick out of it. One boy I helped get that first year, Sandy Sanford, won two games with field goals for Alabama and put us in the Rose Bowl in 1938. He was over in Russellville, Ark., at a junior college, and I went with Coach Red Drew to try to change his mind about going to the University of Arkansas. We talked and talked, and it was no use. It got to be 10:30, and Coach Drew said he was going back to the hotel. I wasn't satisfied. I went back to the dorm and up to Sandy's room. He wasn't in, so I waited, and when he didn't show I curled up in his bunk. About 2 a.m. he finally came in, and by 3:30 we were trying to work some math problems so he could turn in

a paper he needed to graduate. I already had him talked into coming to Alabama, but I still had to get him out of there before those Arkansas people showed up, and I didn't know a thing about math. Then I had to take him to tell his mama and daddy. It was during the 1937 flood, and going over there we hit a place in the road where it was flooded, and the car went dead. We had to push it to get out, and it was cold as a moneylender's heart. We still made it back to the hotel at 8 o'clock, just about the time Coach Drew and another recruit, "Pig" Davis, were walking out of the dining room after breakfast. They didn't know I had Sanford. Drew stood there in the lobby and lit up a cigar and said, "No sense hanging around, better be on our way." I just nodded. I was dying to tell him. They went out to the car and there sat Sanford. Coach Drew almost swallowed his cigar.

I remember when they first started calling me a great recruiter. I had gone up to Vanderbilt in 1940 to coach under Red Sanders, and there was a boy over at Benton, Ark., named J. P. Moore. Great prospect, six-footer, won the sprints. Red had the boy sold, but he was afraid J.P.'s parents wanted him to stay close to home. I went in there, and I practically lived at his house. His mother really took to me, a big old Arkansas country boy, and I'd be in the back room eating cake while coaches from other schools were visiting in the living room.

The day J.P. was going to graduate from high school I was standing back in the kitchen eating cake, his stuff packed in my ear ready to go, when his mother looked up at J.P. and got that forlorn look on her face and said, "Oh, my baby boy." I just about threw up. I could see my whole deal ruined and Red firing me. But when J.P. came down that aisle he walked right out of the auditorium with me, past those other coaches, who stood there dying, and took off for Vanderbilt.

The point is, you learn mighty quick you have to have the chicken to make chicken salad. And you have to learn to recognize a winner. I was a long time getting to that point, but when I finally got my first head coaching job I made sure right away that I'd have some football players with me.

I had been in the Navy during the war and was coaching the team at the North Carolina Pre-Flight School. A real good

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bunch of boys. Men, actually. Late in 1945, when I was trying to speed up my discharge, I went to Chicago for the All-Star Game and was having dinner with Hutton, who was playing for the Packers against the All-Stars. George Marshall of the Redskins was there, and we went out on a mezzanine to talk. He wanted me to come to work for him. I told him I had already turned down assistant coaching jobs at Alabama and Georgia Tech. He said, "What the hell do you want, a head coaching job?" I said, "Well, yessir." He said, "Why didn't you say so?" Mr. Marshall left and came back in a few minutes and told me to get up to my room, because there'd be a call for me. I went on over to the Palmer House, and when I walked in my room the phone was ringing and a voice said, "This is Curly Byrd, president of the University of Maryland. Are you interested in being my football coach?" I said I sure was. This was Thursday night. The All-Star Game was the next night, so I said, "How would Saturday be?" He said, "Young man, if you want this job be in my office in the morning at 8." I was there at 8, and air travel wasn't what it is today.

Well, I didn't get my discharge until five days before Maryland's first game, but we took 17 players and two managers from our Pre-Flight team with us, and they were the heart of the squad. Gave each one of them a full scholarship, which actually meant a double scholarship because of the GI Bill, and that meant extra money for them. You can't do that today, of course. I took Carney Laslie and Frank Moseley and an All-Conference center from Rice named Ken Whitlow to be my assistants, along with Herman Ball, who was already there, and we moved into a place George Washington had slept in. It was 1945, and everything was jammed. Mary Harmon and the children stayed in Birmingham. I remember, right across the street was this hamburger stand, and we ate hamburgers breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Maryland won only one game the year before, and our boys went out that year and won six and really lost only one. I threw another one away with my poor coaching, and I tied one with poorer coaching. We wound up real good, upsetting Virginia and then South Carolina. But two nights before the Virginia game the campus police told me one of my tackles, a real big guy, had been seen

the night before in a beer joint. We only had three tackles on the squad, but I fired this one the next day.

Well, in the meantime I found us a house and went to Birmingham for Christmas, and when I got back to get things settled so the family could come to College Park two things happened that blew everything up. The president had fired Herman Ball. Straight out fired him without telling me a thing. And when I went over to the office I saw this big tackle I had fired going up the dormitory stairs, and I asked why he was still there. "Well, the boss just took him back," somebody told me. The boy's daddy, he said, was a politician.

Well, I knew I had to quit. Oh, my, it broke my heart. I picked up a bunch of telegrams that had accumulated on my desk and went over to my new house nobody even knew I had and sat down and cried like a baby. I think the world of Curly Byrd, but he had been a coach himself and he ran things at Maryland, no doubt about that.

Finally I went through those telegrams, and there was one four days old. IF YOU WANT TO BE HEAD COACH AT KENTUCKY CALL ME COLLECT. [signed] DR. HERMAN DONOVAN, PRESIDENT. I got hold of Don Adams, the president of the Maryland Alumni Association. Don had played on one of Curly's teams, and I asked him if I ought to talk to Maryland first. He said, hell, no, get the job. So I did.

Kentucky was going to announce it on Tuesday night, but I wanted to tell my players first. I'd brought these boys in there, and I felt a strong obligation. So I called a team meeting for 4 o'clock, and about 2 I went up to see the boss. Well, Curly said he wouldn't let me leave. We stayed in there and stayed in there, and he crooked that neck and made me talk and I kept saying, "I'm going." I didn't get out of his office until after dark, and the boys had already gone.

Next morning I got to the campus about 10, and there was this big crowd of students—must have been 3,000 of them—yelling and holding up newspapers with the headline STUDENT STRIKE OVER COACH LEAVING. And, mercy, it hit me. Somebody must have heard us arguing and carrying on in the boss's office and told the press. The team blamed the president and raised so much hell the kids decided to strike.

I got through the crowd to the admin-

istration building, and Dr. Byrd came out and I put my arm around him, and you talk about begging and pleading to get them back to class. We finally got them dispersed, but in the afternoon they started up again, and we made another appeal, and I told them it was my decision to go. Finally I got in my car and headed for Kentucky, thinking all along they weren't going to like having a rabble-rouser for a coach.

When I got to Lexington, lo and behold, it was another big crowd, and I thought, oh, Lord, they're not going to let me in. Then I saw this big sign. WELCOME BEAR. Well, I'm the luckiest son of a gun. What had happened was that everybody had been on the Kentucky people for not hiring a name coach. Nobody had ever heard of me until that strike shook everything up at Maryland and, brother, I had a name now.

Carney Laslie and Ken Whitlow and Frank Moseley, who had been at Maryland, went with me, and we found there what I've found almost everywhere I've gone. They had good material coming in every year, big old fine-looking boys who wallowed around and wouldn't play. Kentucky had more stars than you could count, but they didn't beat anybody. Well, we ran off a few and worked some of them extra hard, and they quit, too, and I probably made more mistakes and mishandled more people than anyone ever has. But we got the rest of them motivated, and they started winning that first year. I was determined I was going to outwork everybody, and I worked day and night, talking with people, sitting home hours by myself working on things, going on so many recruiting trips. We had tryouts in those days, and we brought boys in from all over the country. I still had that fear of failing, of going back to that wagon with Mama, and I know now I neglected my family. Every young coach who ever lived does it, and it's not right, but if he has succeeded you'll find out his family sacrificed a lot.

I must have thought I was a one-man show, trainer and everything, because I was everywhere. Got about four hours' sleep a night. My coaches never got home before 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. I don't do that anymore, either, and don't recommend it. Now when we're having two-a-day workouts I ask

continued

my coaches to take a nap in between. But then I was so intense, and my coaches were the same. What dedicated people they were! If something displeased me I'd take it out on the players and ruin practice, which was stupid. You'll laugh at this, but I honestly did have a hard time getting to work without getting sick. I'll never forget one night, we went over to Bull Hancock's place at Claiborne Farm to have a steak, and I got so sick I darn near died. What it was, I hadn't eaten in two days.

My new coaches now, like Ken Donahue and Ken Meyer, hear all those stories and see me relaxing around, and they probably think, well gol-lee, what's this business about hard work? But I guarantee you I used to be at that dorm every night, stopping by this room or that, preaching my sermon. If I hadn't gone to Babe Parilli's room every night he would have thought something was wrong. He'd sit around waiting for me. We had this little game we played. We were quarterbacks, and we had another quarterback to referee and tell us how much we gained or lost on a given play against a given defense.

Well, we won at Kentucky, and I don't think I'd have ever left if I hadn't gotten pugheaded. It was probably the most stupid thing I ever did. I could have had just about anything I wanted, and Mary Harmon loved it. We had a social position coaches seldom have—good

friends with Governor Wetherby and all—and we lived right there near the Idle Hour Country Club. Mr. Guy Huguélet got us an honorary membership, and that's a club that some people wait years to get into. We had built a new house, and I was on the verge of making some real money. I had turned down half a dozen good jobs. A member of the board at LSU said to me, "Damn it, everybody has a price, Bear. What's yours?" And I put it up there pretty good for those days—something like \$25,000, a home, a TV program and everything—and he said, "It's a deal." No school could do that, but he said he'd give me a contract through his company. Then I backed out. Alabama people came to see me and I wouldn't even talk to them, and Texas A&M and a couple others also approached me.

When I try to put my finger on it I can't say exactly why I left Kentucky, but one thing I want to make clear. I never tried to get Bernie Shively's job as athletic director, and the athletic directorship had nothing to do with what you could call a clash of objectives between me and Adolph Rupp. I guess, to be perfectly honest about it, that was the crux of the matter, me and Coach Rupp. If Rupp had retired as basketball coach when they said he was going to I'd probably still be at Kentucky. The trouble was we were too much alike, and he wanted basketball No. 1 and I wanted

football No. 1. In an environment like that one or the other has to go.

I got this picture in my den of Bud Wilkinson laughing at a banquet over a story I told about that time we won the SEC championship at Kentucky, the only time a Kentucky football team ever has. Rupp had won it in basketball for the umpteenth time, and they gave him a great big blue Cadillac with whitewall tires, and I said at this banquet, "And here's what I got." And I held up this little old cigarette lighter. Well, when the thing came to a head I remembered that cigarette lighter, and I knew I was too far behind to ever catch up.

Adolph and I are real close now, and I honestly think a lot of him. I still like to listen to him, all that talk of his, and down inside he's just like I am. He's just going to win, see, and although we never had any words or anything, I suppose it was a clash of objectives. I know we respected each other as coaches. I think he's the best there is in basketball. I know he did something I'll never forget. I'd gone to A&M and lost nine games that first year, the only losing season I ever had, and we were doing a clinic together in Utah. There were newspapermen there, and Adolph got up and with that Kansas twang of his said, "I want to tell you gentlemen something. Paul Bryant over there was at Kentucky, and he left us for a lot of money. You think he's down a little bit now, but I'll tell you, he will win. *He will win.* And you gentlemen in Texas who are playing him, he will run you right out of the business. Five, 10 years from now he will be the top man, make no mistake about it, and don't forget Uncle Adolph told you." He sure didn't have to say that, but, boy, I appreciated it. Practically every paper in Texas picked it up, and a whole lot of eyebrows were raised.

Well, I tried to resign in '52, after Kentucky had that basketball scandal, and go to Arkansas, but they flat out wouldn't release me. I was afraid the scandal would hurt our football program. Some people in Arkansas thought I was just using them to get a better deal, but that's not true. A year later Bernie Shively and I were going down to the conference meeting at Birmingham, and when we changed planes in Louisville I picked up a paper, and there it was. Rupp was not retiring at all and Dr. Donovan was saying how pleased he was. That, did it. I made up my mind to go.



HAPPY BRYANT'S ARMOFUL OF VICTORIOUS KENTUCKIANS INCLUDES BABE PARILLI (70)

I'd been led to believe Adolph was going to retire, and I'm glad now he didn't, he's meant so much to basketball. Well, the only offer I had open then was from Texas A&M, and I took it.

I went off and left Kentucky with the second best squad I ever had. Blanton Collier came in there the next year and had a winner. We had the new home and all those goodies, and it broke Mary Harmon's heart. Worse than that, when she got off the plane at College Station, Texas she turned white.

Texas A&M is a great educational institution with rich traditions, but at that time it was the toughest place in the world to bring players to because nobody wanted to go there. Don Meredith told me before he went to SMU, "Coach, I'd love to play for you if you were only someplace else."

At first glance A&M looked like a penitentiary. No girls. No glamour. And those darn Aggies make the worst enemies there are. You get two of them together and you get big talking. They are proud of that school, you better believe it. I nearly died when I saw what I was getting into. I remember what Dr. Tom Harrington, the chancellor, told me. He said, "Paul, this place will grow on you," and he was right.

Well, I want to get into tough football and hard work—what some coaches call "brutality"—in more detail later, but I tell you that first year was brutal. We could hardly get anybody to come to A&M, and I think some of our alumni went out and paid a couple of boys. We did get hundreds of high school coaches in there to watch our practices and to sell prospects on our program. That was important, because a good high school coach does more real coaching and recruiting than anybody.

Now they've got an athletic dormitory with a swimming pool and everything, but then life was really Spartan. If you got a boy into A&M, and you kept him there, you could get more out of him, because there was nothing to do except study and play football and maybe go to some little old Mexican joint across the street for a bowl of chili.

The players who were with us at A&M took pride in how tough it was. They sit around now, laughing and lying and telling big stories. We took two busloads of boys down to our training camp at Junction in September—that's when it's toughest because it's so hot—and

there wasn't more than half a load that came back. The food was good, but the facilities were so sorry, those old Quonset huts. Just looking at the place would discourage you. And, oh, it was so hot. We used to practice at 5 o'clock in the morning just to beat the heat.

Well, when you're teaching a boy to work for the first time in his life and teaching him to sacrifice and suck up his guts when he's behind, which are lessons he has to learn sooner or later, you are going to find boys who are not willing to pay the price. Back when I played you didn't have a lot of boys quitting because most of us had nothing to go back to, with people on relief and starving to death. It's not that way anymore, except maybe with a few athletes, and today a lot of boys aren't prepared to sacrifice. They have to be taught.

When I finally got us training-table privileges I put it on a merit basis. I remember, our first game that year Texas Tech beat the devil out of us, and on Monday I only had five boys on training table. One of them was Bebes Stallings, who is, the head coach at A&M now and was my assistant at Alabama for seven years. It was just like the time Coach Hank Crisp got up and bragged on me and got me to play when I had a broken bone in my leg. I said, "Gentlemen." Bebes talks about this all the time—"we're just going to have people at that table who will go all out and be

proud of that uniform and make us proud he's wearing it, and this little old skinny boy here"—I pointed to Stallings "is going to be one of them."

After you get to know your material you are pretty sure who is going to quit and who isn't—I mean quit on the field, where it matters—and you have to be prepared for it. A lot of times I've been wrong. But if a boy quits the team the chances are he'll take somebody with him, and you don't want that. So when they would start acting that way I used to pick them up and get them out, or embarrass them, or do something to turn them around. It's always sad, really, because if a kid quits I've got to feel I've failed—not him or his daddy or anybody else, but me. I've failed by selecting him in the first place, or by not handling him right.

We were losing all those boys at Junction that year, and I had been trying to embarrass this big old center into becoming something besides deadweight. He'd made All-Conference the year before, but we graded the films and he didn't grade higher than 37% in any of them. He could have been a good football player and I was after him, and right in the middle of practice he started walking off the field. I didn't know what to do. Never had that that happen, because most boys quit where they won't be noticed. I said, "Young man, where you going?" No answer. "You better

continued



IN USUAL KENTUCKY RELATIONSHIP BRYANT STANDS BEHIND RUFF AT BANQUET

think about it now " He didn't say a word, just kept walking.

Well, when we got back to the place that night and lined up to eat he was first in line. Big son of a gun, and I was scared of him, too. I said, "Young fella, you must be making a mistake. A&M football players eat here." "You mean I can't eat here?" "I mean exactly that. You can't ever eat here again."

He turned and left, and about 10 o'clock Benny Sinclair, our captain, came and asked me to take him back

We're not fainthearted, but we're in a helluva fix. It's not worrying me, because I know the kinda folks I got left. We'll do all right, but we gotta have somebody to snap the ball back. Anybody ever play center?" No, sir. I said, "Well, does anybody want to play center?" And I'll never forget it. Lloyd Hale, a little old sophomore guard, walked out and said, "I will play center," and outside of Paul Crane he was the best offensive center I ever had. He played every minute of every game and as a sen-

though. The press was on me from the start, and some of the stuff that came out of Fort Worth and other cities was really rough. The thing I resented most, though, was that every time something came up, usually at recruiting time or before a big game, a rumor would start about us going on probation or, after we were on probation, about staying there. Anything to foul us up.

I had a mad on for the other coaches in the conference because they were out to get me. I thought there was a lot of hypocritical stuff going on. I made up my mind early I was going to beat them or kill myself trying. I hated all of them. They tried to get me thrown out of the conference, and I felt that they were making a whipping boy out of me. Looking back and knowing how much we shook that conference up—it took a lot to swallow the idea of losing to A&M.

I have to admit I'd probably have done the same thing in their position.

I know now we should have been put on probation. I know, too, I was not just trying to justify it in my mind when I said that if we were paying players, then other schools were doing it twice as bad, which some were. I'm not going to go soft on that point. I'm not sure how many of our boys got something. I guess about four or five did. I didn't know what they got, and I didn't want to know, but they got something because they had other offers and I told my abams to meet the competition. Well, Bob Manning and Tom Sestak, who is still playing in the pros, signed affidavits that they got \$200 to sign and \$50 a month over tuition. Coaches from Baylor and Texas helped them file.

I have never thought you could have a bunch of lured football players. Maybe you can have two or three or four getting something extra. I've had them, but you can usually tell one of them a block away, the way he goes about things, the way he puts out. If an alumnus working such-and-such a place finds he's losing a boy he might give him something, but he'll usually tell you, too, because he wants you to know what he thinks he's doing for you. It's mighty hard to turn something down if you've never had anything, I can understand that. And it's hard for the parents, too. At A&M I don't know whether we'd have won or not without paying players, but I'll say this, most of the kids didn't play like they got something.

continued



AMONG BRYANT'S BEST WERE AGGIE STARR CHARLIE KRUEGER (LEFT), JOHN CROW

Well, I think I won Benny right there. I said, "Benny, I'm not going to take him back. He's quit before, hasn't he?" He said, "Yessir, lots of times." I said, "This is the last time. We want players we can count on. We've got a long way to go, and we don't want anybody laying down once we get started."

Well, the next day the headlines are this big. We'd fired an All-Conference center. And about 5 o'clock that morning I looked up and here come five more of them, all centers, a delegation of them, which means I won't have a center left. I didn't give them a chance to say anything, just walked out and said, "Good morning, gentlemen," and shook their hands right down the line. "Good-by, goodbye, bless your hearts, goodbye."

So we called a squad meeting. I said, "Fellows, there ain't many of us left.

we made All-Conference unanimously.

I remember, we took those 27 little boys to Athens to play Georgia the third game that year. Old Lloyd wasn't much for long snapbacks, so we had our manager suited up to center the ball for fourth-down punts. Harry Meher and Ed Danforth of the Atlanta papers didn't believe what they saw. "You mean this is all the players you got?" I said, "No, these are the ones that want to play." And damned if they didn't beat Georgia 6-0, the only game we won all year.

Well, you say, what kind of coaching is that when you lose about 100 boys and keep only 27? I have to believe I wouldn't lose that many today, because I'm not the driver. I was and I probably don't demand as much, but let me tell you that was the beginning of a change in attitude at A&M. It was never easy,

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You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer. Check the Yellow Pages.

Put your hand over the gray half and see how much younger I look.

Cover the gray hair in the photo and the years go. Cover the dark hair and the years come clumping back.

Young/old/young/old/young/old/young/old—it happens every time you shift your hand. Which goes to prove just one thing: Gray hair makes you look older. And dark hair makes you look younger. But we suspect you've known that all along. Then how come you didn't do something about it before now?

We suspect you know the answer to that one, too.

The embarrassment.

The embarrassment of having to stand in a crowded drugstore and ask, nervously, for a bottle of women's haircoloring "for-uh-your wife."

The embarrassment of having friends (and unfriends) spot what you did because it looked phoney—and kid you about it—"Hey, fellows, look—Charley dyed his hair."

The embarrassment of having to suffer through a complicated haircoloring routine—plus the fear that it would hurt your hair, and be expensive.

And finally, there was the biggest embarrassment of all—the funny feeling that doing something to your gray was too flashy, too "show biz," not something a "regular fellow" ought to do.

GREAT DAY® For Men

Well, let's take the last worry first. Because if we can get you over that one, we have a new product that solves all the other problems. (It's called "Great Day." From Clairol Research. More about it later.)

More Men Than You Think

It may have been true ten years ago that only a few actors colored their hair. But since then a minor, and somewhat surprising, revolution has taken place. (Surprising when you consider that there hasn't even been a really good men's product on the market until now.) Today it's estimated that over 2,000,000 men from all walks of life have broken with tradi-

tion and have done something about their gray hair. And most of them have never even set foot on a stage. Except maybe to make a speech.

Already, a lot of very proper bankers, lawyers, brokers, doctors, advertising executives, sales managers, government people, farmers, longshoremen, teachers, truck drivers and police officers do it. Without blushing.

They all have one thing in common: they don't want to look old before their time. (And nothing makes a man look old before his time like gray hair.)

Some men want to look younger for personal reasons, others for professional reasons. (Let's face it, unfair as it may be a premium is put on youth in our society. Today, if a middle-aged executive looks too old he may be in a weakened competitive position within his company. And if he has to go out to look for a job, he's in an even worse position.)

You're Fooled Every Day

Dozens of men who pass you on the street every day have taken the premature gray out of their hair. Some you notice. Some you don't.

But to get that unnoticeable color most of them have had to spend a small fortune having it done professionally with complicated products that cost \$8, \$10, even \$12 an application. Or else they're using their wives' Clairol hair coloring... which is fine for women but just wasn't designed for a man's haircoloring needs.

Now, finally there's a product designed especially for men—a product that won't embarrass you in any way. Great Day.

With Great Day a man can return his graying hair to a soft, rich, natural-looking color in the privacy of his own bathroom, or have it done in any good barber shop. Without any of the worries.

Great Day works like a shampoo. Once every two weeks or so (depending on how fast your hair grows), you pour it on—straight from the bottle. (No mixing needed.) Lather it in, let it sit, rinse it off. No complications. Leave it on a few minutes each time, and you color the gray gradually. If you want to take the plunge all at once, just leave it on longer before rinsing.

Nobody Notices

Great Day doesn't change your natural hair color. It only works on the gray. The change is subtle. Amazingly, even though you're very conscious of what you've done, experience has shown that most people don't even notice the difference in color. Only the effect—"Say, Charley, you look great. Did you lose weight or something?"

Your Pillow Won't Talk

Great Day goes inside your gray hair shafts. So it can't rub off on your collar, or on the pillow. It contains no peroxide in any form. So it can't make your hair glow with orange-red highlights. (Actually, it leaves your hair in better condition.) It doesn't affect the texture of your hair at all. But just by making it darker, it does make it look somewhat fuller. (Nobody will mind that extra benefit.)

Great Day is made by Clairol, the world's leading authority on haircoloring. Remember the Clairol slogan "Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure."TM Well, after years of laboratory work and thousands of tests on gray-haired men, now Clairol can say, "Hair color so natural only his barber knows for sure."TM And unless your barber applied it to your hair himself, even *he* won't be absolutely certain.

Master up your courage a little—and do something about your gray hair.

It's nice to look young.





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Scotset® sportshirts with Dacron®—
32, 33, 34, 35, 36 sleeve lengths!**

(They come in button-down and classic collars and never need ironing.)



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SCOTCH WINE

It's McGregor's Scotset® Million Mile Sportshirts for neat good looks! For style! And perfect fit! Just toss them in an automatic washer...tumble-dry (do not wring)...and wear. No ironing! No kidding! Now in your exact sleeve lengths, too. 65% Dacron® polyester, 35% cotton. \$6.

After we got put on probation I told our people—our alumni, everybody—if there was any doubt in my mind about a boy getting something, we weren't going to play him. I'll never forget a boy we signed right after that. There was a question in my mind about him, because my wife got close to the family and the mother confided in her what another school had offered. I called the alumnus in that area and told him, "Don't lie to me, don't put me on the spot. If that boy's getting something I want to know it." He swore he wasn't. Well, the day I left A&M he was riding me out to the airport. He said, "Bear, remember the time you questioned me about that boy, and I told you I didn't give him anything?" I said, "Yeah." He said, "Well, I told you a damned lie."

When I came to Alabama in 1958 I told the people here we wouldn't cheat, that we wouldn't violate the rules or let anybody else do it, and we'd adhere to the spirit of the rules, which we have, and our kids know it. When we played certain teams and they had boys who had wanted to come to Alabama, I'd tell my kids that the only reason they weren't with us was that they were getting something, but I believed the game meant more to our boys than it did to them. I always try to point out to the good ones who get offers that the money, or the automobile or whatever it is that jeopardizes their chances, won't be anything later on to compare with an education. Since coming to Alabama I've had some of my people beg to buy players who they thought were being offered something somewhere else, and if I were a young coach starting out I might give in, but I'm not going to do it now. I don't have to, and if I had to I wouldn't.

Anyway, we were at Houston in May of 1955 for the league meeting when the affidavits came to my desk. Jim Owens, who coaches Washington now, was with me, and the night before the story broke we had our meeting of athletic directors. I wanted to talk about this thing, but all those guys wanted to do was play cards. Howard Grubbs of the SWC, who's a good fellow and does a good job but then was just on the wrong side, said, "We can't discuss any business here tonight." I said, "Well, I want to," and he said, "We can't, period."

So we played cards all night long—D.X. Noble, Mitty Bell, Dutch Meyer, Jess Neely and John Barnhill. George

Sasser played awhile, but he was scared the Baptists would catch him and he quit. At 8 a.m. we broke up, and John Barnhill of Arkansas and I went down to breakfast to have some cereal. Barney learned over and said, "Bear, they got you. They're going to cut your guts out. Now you know what's been going on for years, but they got you now and they're going to stick it to you and you just gotta face it."

So I went up to my room with Owens, and it was already on the radio and TV and everything. A&M is going on a two-year probation for recruiting violations. The league had already had its meeting and decided it, and the athletic directors knew it even before we sat down to play cards. Our athletic committee man hadn't told me, he'd just gone on home. Well, Jim drove, and I cried all the way back to A&M. At 6 o'clock I had to make a speech, and I got up and said something about when the going is tough the tough get going, and I was tough and a going son of a gun, and I started crying again, and the Aggies went wild.

We never got to the Cotton Bowl during my four years at A&M because of that probation thing, but we went undefeated and won the conference championship in 1956 and we beat Texas for the first time at Memorial Stadium in Austin. And I tell you, there were a lot of wonderful people who stuck with us all the way, people they call "Aggie Exes." Mr. Zachry and Herman Heep let me use their private planes, and Mr. Heep cut me in on an oil deal that I'll be getting checks from for years to come—not very much money but a thoughtful gesture. I still have investments with Johnny Mitchell, who was a great help to our program. The fact is, I never made the money people thought I did in Texas. I lost on the two apartment houses I built, and I made some poor investments. After we won the championship they wanted to give me a bonus. I said, no, just buy my house, which they did for about a \$10,000 profit, which let me pay long-term, capital-gains tax. Another thing, too, they put in my contract that I would get a percentage of the gate for our 1957 home games. I don't think any coach ever got that kind of deal before or since.

W.T. (Doc) Doherty was probably more upset than anybody when I left. He was a fine man and was probably most responsible for my being there. He

had me on his company payroll, and we were really close. When I told him I was leaving he couldn't understand it. "What do you want? What do you want?" I said it wasn't the money. I heard he got real bitter after that and made statements that the way I left was absurd, that I didn't treat them right. I wrote him a letter thanking him for all he had done and trying to explain how I felt, but I never received an answer.

Well, the truth was I didn't want to go back to Alabama, never intended to. I could have gone back two or three times, and I refused. But they kept reminding me what Alabama had done for me, and how I was the only one who could bring Alabama football back to where it once was, which wasn't true, but it sure got to me. Every day I was getting a sackful of letters, hundreds of them from grade-school kids telling me they'd want to play for me if I came back. Well, heck, I just couldn't refuse.

Some people said I got \$50,000 raised by the alumni as an outright gift to come back, but that's not true. I was offered \$250,000 over a five-year period from an alumnus who is a good friend of mine, but I wouldn't accept it. I put everything I could think of in my contract to help the program, and I'm an old hand at writing contracts, but the only material things I asked for were the same salary the deans were making and permission to make my own television deal. I did get them to get me a house to live in, which I'm still in and which the university owns.

The worst thing, though, was going in there and telling my boys at A&M. I hadn't had to do that at Kentucky, because they were away on vacation. I went in there with those Aggies and I tried to talk. I got to crying, and it got to be like a Holy Roller meeting, everybody crying, old John Crow and everybody. But I'll never forget that look on Mary Harmon's face when we drove down University Avenue into Tuscaloosa. She was in hog's heaven. I wished then I'd gone back years before.

NEXT WEEK: BACK TO 'BAMA

It should have been a happy homecoming, but charges of brutality and helmet-cracking, game-tackling football took the edge off old grad Bryant's instant success at Alabama

While in England last May I spent some time in a small village in Hampshire, home county of such sacrosanct trout waters as the Test, the Itchen and the Tichborne. Not long after settling myself at the inn I began to hear stories of the local fishing wizard, a Mr. Smythe-Preston, whose incredible success in extracting limit bags of large trout from hard-fished chalk streams at times when other anglers were going fishless was the talk of the sporting community. Naturally my curiosity was aroused, and I determined to seek Mr. Smythe-Preston out and, if possible, learn his secret.

"It's no use," said the innkeeper, himself a veteran angler and skilled flytier. "He won't say a word. All we know is that he prefers fishing alone, observes all the local regulations as to hours and tackle and, although generally friendly, is somewhat peculiar in his habits. The fact is, there are those who say he's a practicing Druid, and there is talk of witchcraft and ancient rites. Some even say he has a pact with the devil. But, of course, that's all nonsense, and for myself I think he's a topflight trout man who's also exceptionally lucky."

Later, at a dinner party, I met the

local curate, another dedicated trout fisherman, and asked him about the fabulous Mr. Smythe-Preston. "I know him only slightly," said the reverend angler, "and he seems a nice enough chap. As for his remarkable success at fishing, I simply don't know how to account for it. Twice I've met him along the stream and observed him carefully, and although he handles a rod and presents a fly as well as most of us, the truth is, he's not really a brilliant—ah—technician. Some of the villagers claim they've followed him on several mysterious predawn expeditions, and declare that he drives to Stonehenge—it's not far from here, you know, less than an hour—where, they say, he goes through some sort of ritualistic rigmale just as the sun rises over Salisbury Plain. Frankly, I suspect those self-appointed gunshoes of having had one too many at the Crown and Creel—at any rate, he doesn't seem the sort of chap to belong to a pagan sect, and I can't take it seriously."

Ironically, it was at the Crown and Creel, the village's one and only pub, that I finally met the mystery man in person, and was surprised to find him the most unmythical-seeming of mortals,

about as sinister in aspect as an Iowa Sunday-school superintendent. The grayness of his face and mustache was alleviated only by the mild twinkle of his eyes, and not at all by the drab and rumpled tweeds that failed to disguise a middle-aged paunch. When I asked if I might stand him a pint he accepted politely if not cordially, but when I said I had heard of his phenomenal ability to produce limits of large trout each time he went fishing and asked straight out if he would tell me his secret, he modestly laughed and said the talk was exaggerated. "Although I must admit," he added, "that I am fairly lucky occasionally. And I try not to fish on an east wind—the usual sort of stuff every fisherman knows. But tell me about American trout fishing—your Large Hole River that I've read so much about, and all that."

I told him about the Big Hole and the Madison, and was starting on the Letort when I overheard one of a group of villagers at the next table laughingly offer to take a lie-detection test over some boast he had just made. It was then that I recalled the tiny envelope in my wallet, and realized that it might be the answer to my problem.

SOMETHING WAS FISHY ABOUT STONEHENGE

Smythe-Preston, an angling sorcerer, kept the ancient secret of Stonehenge as staunchly as the Druids did themselves until an American came with a magic potion. He got the truth—almost

by ED ZERN



The packet had been given to me by a young friend who, while interning at a New York hospital, had been involved in some research experiments with sodium pentathal, the so-called "truth serum." In this case, however, it had been produced in the form of pills that could be administered orally and, when dissolved in liquid, affected neither color nor taste. "Frankly," my friend had said, "I don't know how effective this stuff will turn out to be, but I thought you might use it to help in locating some of your friends' woodcock covers. Slip a couple of these into their martinis—it can't do them any harm, and it might start them chattering like magpies!" He had meant it for a joke, but I had put the packet into my wallet and forgotten it, until that instant.

At the same moment, by one of those fortuitous coincidences that occur more often in real life than in fiction, Mr. Smythe-Preston was called to the telephone; on a reckless impulse I took the pills from my wallet and popped two of them into the half pint of beer in his mug; then, seeing that there was only one pill left, I popped that one in, too. On returning, Smythe-Preston drained his tankard and said he'd have to be getting back to his cottage. When I said I needed some exercise and asked if I might walk with him, he agreed with-

out much enthusiasm and we set out.

I had no idea how soon the pills would take effect, or indeed if they would take effect at all. For the first half mile I was sure they wouldn't—it would not have been beyond my medical friend to have given me some kind of sugar-pill placebo together with a cock-and-bull story—and then, as we started across the village common, I thought I detected a change in the tone of Smythe-Preston's voice. He had been mumbling noncommittal answers to my questions about local history, but when I asked about the remnants of what seemed to be a Roman wall he began talking at considerable length, in a slightly higher-pitched voice and quite rapidly. When my next remark brought an even more effusive response and a reference to some personal matter that an Englishman would ordinarily not mention to a stranger, I pretended to stumble and twist my ankle. He could hardly refuse when I asked if he'd mind sitting on the wall with me for a minute, until I could determine if the ankle was sprained.

Naturally, as soon as we were seated I asked him point-blank to tell me the secret of his fishing prowess. Not to my surprise, he commenced talking at once, in the manner of a man who is slightly tipsy and feeling well pleased with the world and himself. "Oh, that?" he babbled happily. "Dammedest thing, old chap. I've always been a bit of an archaeologist, y'know—fascinating hobby, and something to do between fishing seasons. And, of course, with that Stonehenge thing so close at hand I did a lot of rummaging around there, taking

measurements and calculating meridians and sidereal angles and generally trying to outguess all the others who were trying to unriddle that ring of great boulders. I say, am I boring you, old boy?"

"Not at all," I assured him.

"Well, then," he said, "it could hardly have been that I was the first really keen fisherman to poke a about there, and I may not have been the first to discover it. Possibly others unearthed it too, and kept their faces shut, as I did."

"Discovered what?" I asked eagerly, and Smythe-Preston laughed.

"Discovered what all those monstrous stones were put there for," he said. "It was all so absurdly simple, once I'd broken the code. And to think that it took me nearly five years to see what should have been obvious right from the start."

"For heaven's sake, man," I said, "what should have been obvious?"

Smythe-Preston looked at me in disbelief. "Look, old boy, since you seem a bit dense I shall spell it out for you. These chalk streams you've been fishing all week—they were here before man, of course. God knows who kept the weed cut then, but the trout were here, too, and when the ancient Britons came tromping onto the scene they found old *Salmo fario* ahead of them, and well established. And so they did what any self-respecting Briton would have done—they started fishing for trout! Of course, it wasn't easy. The poor brutes weren't much on finesse—just barely dowe out of the trees, you might say—and the arts of angling weren't highly developed. But, of course, the trout weren't so awfully sophisticated either, and that

continued



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STONEHENGE

helped. At any rate, they fished for food at first, and then, of course, for sport as well, since they were British.

"And being fishermen," Smythe-Preston went on, a mile a minute, "they soon developed most of the appurtenances of anglers everywhere: crude rods and lines, no doubt some type of artificial fly, since the principal food of the fish was, even then, natural insects. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, indeed," I said.

"Good," said Smythe-Preston, "because, frankly, you don't strike me as frightfully bright. Well, then. Along with the rods and such, these primitive trout fishers invented other necessities—the alibi, for example. The trout that keeps growing after being caught, more rapidly than it ever did in the water. The pre-Porter one-upmanship of the fly-fisher over the worm-soaker. And—as you've undoubtedly seen by now—the fisherman's calendar."

"Undoubtedly seen what by now?" I asked, bewildered.

"Sir," said Smythe-Preston, "if you will forgive my saying so and, indeed, even if you will not, you are most incredibly obtuse. Frankly, I wonder I waste my time with you. But you have asked me a question, and for some peculiar reason I feel impelled to answer it—truthfully!"

"For God's sake, sir!" I urged.

"Can't you get it through your thick colonial skull," he said, "that Stonehenge, that so-called riddle of antiquity, is nothing more nor less than a fishing calendar—a monstrous, megalithic solar table, so to speak, constructed by a prehistoric race of trout fishermen! Once I got to wondering why it had been built in the heart of the chalk-stream country, everything fell into place. And so, you see, I go there every morning. I'm able, during the season, and by observing exactly where the sun's rays strike at sunrise—which means crawling about on my hands and knees sometimes in the outer ring—I know precisely, virtually to the split second, when the trout will be voraciously, passionately, uncontrollably on the feed, and will take almost any fly that's presented to them. As I've long ago learned where most of the larger fish lie, it's a simple matter to be there at precisely the right time. And while that overpowering compulsion to feed is affecting the trout, sometimes for as long as three or four

minutes, I can take every fish within reach of my cast. The problem is that, having hooked a three- or four-pounder, I may need the entire feeding period to land him. However, there are usually several such periods during the day, sometimes of as short a duration as 15 seconds, and by the time the sun has been up a few minutes I can have determined exactly when they will occur and arrange my itinerary accordingly."

"Fantastic!" I said, and meant it. "But tell me, how do you determine the exact times of day?"

"Look here, old man," said Smythe-Preston, peering at his watch. "I can't stay here any longer. My wife is frightfully jealous, and has the silly notion that I dally sometimes with a widow on the other side of the common, no matter how convincingly I deny it. And, of course, it might be that she has reason—bound to be a bit of fire where there's that much smoke, eh? But since I've told you this much of my secret, I suppose I might as well go the entire pig, as I believe you Americans have it, and fill in the details. If you'll meet me here tomorrow morning at 5 o'clock, I'll take you over to Stonehenge and show you."

"You will?" I said incredulously, thinking even as I spoke of the story I'd be able to tell my friend at the research center. "You're not just putting me on?"

"On my word of honor," said Smythe-Preston sadly "although, for the life of me, I can't imagine why. Good night, sir." And he hurried off down the lane.

That night I lay awake calculating the possibilities of a genuinely accurate system of forecasting fishing, it was certain that the secret of Stonehenge, once known, could be adjusted for latitudinal, longitudinal and altitudinal variations to apply to any part of the world on which the sun shines, and that the pattern of recurring feeding periods could be projected far in advance.

When 5 o'clock came I was at the appointed spot, but wasted in vain. At 7, having formed some uncharitable opinions as to the value of an English angler's word of honor, I walked back to the inn, where I was informed by my host that Mrs. Smythe-Preston had just been arrested for the murder of her husband, into whose gizzard, in the course of a family discussion, she had plunged a carving knife.

I suppose I shouldn't have used that third pill.

END

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Hitting a one-hopper for the short stop

In a situation as bad as the one shown here, the object is not so much to find a shot that will work as it is to find a shot that has *any* chance of working. The ball is on hardpan, the trap is shallow but has a lip, and the green is very narrow. Should you hit your wedge, realizing that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to put enough spin on the ball for it to hold the green? Or should you take a two-iron, roll the ball through the sand and hope by some miracle it won't catch the lip of the trap? These might seem to be

the only alternatives, and neither of them has much chance of succeeding. But there is a third shot, one that demands neither an impossible degree of skill nor unbelievable luck. You can try to skip the ball through the trap on one bounce, like a rock skipping off water. Use either a five- or a six-iron, and hood the face slightly to get hook overspin on the ball. Chip the ball firmly toward a level place in the sand near the front of the bunker. You will be surprised how frequently the ball hits the sand and pops up onto the green.

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U.S. RUBBER

THE NEW U.S. ROYAL MASTER

The rhubarb about to erupt in a board of regents meeting was over the proposal to enlarge the University of Wisconsin's Camp Randall Stadium, one member quizzically suggesting that the athletic department had provided unrealistic estimates of future football revenues. Not necessarily, said President **Fred Harvey Harrington**. Admittedly, last year's home-game receipts had been nothing to brag about in view of the Badgers' 2-7-1 season. But this fall the deficit was sure to be recovered on road trips. "We're going places," said the crafty Harrington, "where they don't know about us."

It was only a pet they had purchased a few years back, but the next thing Announcer **Don Wilson** and his wife, Lois, knew they were showing their new poodle and winning prize upon prize. The other day Wilson made his debut as a judge in a Los Angeles puppy-dog show. "Showing dogs is one of the most satisfying hobbies I know," says Wilson, "but I often wonder what folks think when they see Lois and me, out at 5 a.m., walking our dogs on Sunset Boulevard." Confided Judge Wilson: "All dog lovers have to be a little crazy, but poodle owners are insane."



While a conservative candidate for the Maryland senate was challenged to a duel of custard pies, "in keeping with his Keystone Cops logic" (invitation declined), and a Bethesda candidate for Congress raised \$500 in campaign funds by sponsoring a tennis tournament in a friend's backyard, Maryland Attorney General **Thomas Finan**, running for governor, pulled on swimming trunks and plunged into Chesapeake Bay. The 52-year-old Finan, responding to an opponent's charge that "shocking political mismanagement" had allowed pollution of the bay, emerged from the water after 30 minutes, refreshed, exuding high spirits and with no visible ill effects outside of a slightly sunburned bald head.

Out of La Jolla's Western Behavioral Sciences Institute think tank and into the San Diego Chargers' training camp came the University of Michigan's famed philosophy chairman, **Abraham Kaplan**. As far as abusive language goes, said the professor, it was pretty much the same as that heard in the Wolvenine practice sessions he often attends back home in Ann Arbor. But the pulverizing physical abuse handed out by the

Chargers set Kaplan to pondering the mysteries of life in the professional leagues. "How do they build team spirit when they hit as hard as that?" he wondered. "I believe I would give them the back of my hand."

Even though the lowly **Beaves** had just knocked off the Giants in the first game of a double-header, the weather was hot and muggy, the hour was growing late and the incoming traffic was fierce. Thereafter (as the policeman told it), Mrs. **Henry Aaron**, on her way to the second game, failed to obey a signal and cursed him, and the policeman (as Mrs. Aaron told us) pulled his pistol and cursed her. This week Mrs. Aaron will be tried in court, and the policeman, now suspended, will be given a hearing. "I'm sorry this happened," said Henry Aaron himself, "but I'm not going to let it drop."

Personally he never dug the nickname, but **Wilt Chamberlain**, newly in the music recording business in San Francisco, is bowing to public taste and will issue a "Still" label early next month. About to push off for Philadelphia and his eighth season in professional basketball, Chamberlain hated to go. "Here you have a swinging town like San Francisco," he said, "with all those hideaway spots for rising musicians and singers, and not one major recording company. I've always liked music better than basketball, but only now have I the means to express it."

Charting the perils of teen-age marriages for a Sept. 6 television show on CBS, Producer **Merrill Brockway** asked Chicago Bear Halfback **Gale Sayers** and his wife **Linda** (left) how they met. Here's how it went: **Gale**: It was my sophomore year in high school, but I wasn't much interested in girls then, just football. She called me up, right? **Linda**: Don't tell everybody that. **Gale**: Well, it was true. You called me up and I

offered to take you to a basketball game, and we started going together, right? **Linda**: Well, more or less, I guess. No, he was going with another girl and I was going with another boy, but we—**Gale**: You got tired of the other boy friend and called me up, right? **Linda**: No, that wasn't the reason. No, oh... you... our dating history... Well, actually, **Gale** was very shy when we first started dating and—really, can we just forget about this?

There was the visionary prospect of smooth sailing, meanwhile, when Viking Halfback **Tommy Mason** gave the Lions' defense a workout in an exhibition game in New Orleans, and up in the stands his fiancée underwent her first exposure to football. **Tommy** and **Rita Radinger** (below), a history major at the University of Minnesota, plan to marry Dec. 29, not forgetting the possibility of the Vikings' playing in the NFL championship game three days later. After all, calculated Mason, proceeds from that, combined with those from the NFL-AFL playoff, could mean "a wedding gift of about \$16,000." Said Rita, eyes rather dewy: "Football seems to be a wonderful profession."



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ELANESE FORTREL
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HARNESS RACING / Pat Ryan

Knobby-legs becomes a star

By winning the Yonkers Futurity, Polaris showed that he is the toughest of the 3-year-old trotters and should be the Hambletonian favorite

Back in 1964 Pat Di Giennaro bought three yearling trotters. The first cost \$54,000, won \$700 on the race track and was discreetly retired to a farm. His second purchase (\$9,000) contracted a bizarre virus and is apparently still suffering from tired blood. The third colt (\$7,000) won a race at least but didn't look like much. In fact, he never looked like much. His legs were as humps as a pine tree, but Di Giennaro, being a lumb-herman, knows a thing or two about pines and he thought he knew something about humps. Before buying the colt, he took the precaution of finding a partner. "He put up half the money," Di Giennaro says, "and he took half the gamble."

Last week the gamble paid off. The knobby-legged youngster, who was grandly named Polaris, clip-clopped off with the \$123,015 Yonkers Futurity and immediately became the favorite to win The Hambletonian, harness racing's most prestigious event. It is ironic that a colt who had bony growths on his legs even before he put a head in harness is now the soundest toughest 3-year-old around. Quite possibly these qualities, not his speed, will win Polaris the nation's top trotting prize.

Polaris may be a star in name but he has not, in truth, been one on the track. He is a steady, solid colt that Trainer George Sholtz described not long ago as "a nice horse that follows along, stays on the trot and gets a little money." In the last two months, however, the colt has improved and last week Pat Di Giennaro turned down \$250,000 for him. "I want \$350,000," he told Stanley Dancer, who made the bid. "There isn't a top trotter around this year so my horse has a lot more value. He might not have been worth \$350,000 last year or be worth that much next year, but this year he is."

It is significant that several weeks before Dancer offered \$200,000 for the

Hambletonian favorite, he tried, unsuccessfully, to buy the country's best 3-year-old pacer, Romeo Hanover, that time he bid \$1.5 million. Polaris has won eight of 28 races, Romeo 22 of 26.

Polaris may not compare well with Romeo, but his record this year (six wins in 15 starts) was a good bit better than that of the other trotters in the Futurity field. Kerry Way, the pretty gay-going filly who was the 2-year-old champion, had managed to win only one race in four starts. Carlisle, the 8-to-5 second favorite in the Futurity (Polaris went off at 7-to-5) had won one in 10. And Governor Ambire, the fastest as a 2-year-old, had an 0-for-8 record.

The four others in the stake were in it for glamour and whatever gold they



DRIVER SHOLTZ HAS AN IMPROVING COLT

might get. The Futurity, after all, is the first race of trotting's Triple Crown and that makes it something special for owners like 34-year-old Marie Gentile, who runs a drugstore in Fairfield, Conn., and pretty Beverly Kristel, a Long Island housewife who taught her trotter simply because the filly had four white feet. Mrs. Gentile's colt, it turned out, finished sixth in the race and won \$3,690. And although Mrs. Kristel was not delighted when her trotter put a pink nose on the finish line seventh, she was not really discouraged. "Our next stop is The Hambletonian," she said quite happily. It is a year to be optimistic.

The Hambletonian horses are well-matched, and almost any one of them can win at any time. They may lack quality, but this promises to be a season of weekly scraps and real excitement. Post position, the pinch of a boot, the weight of a shoe have become significant factors in the outcome of every race.

In the Futurity, Polaris drew the No. 7 post. "That will certainly affect our chances," George Sholly said. "It has a bearing on me mentally, if nothing else. With a top horse like Speedy Scot, you can make any racetrack or any post position work for you. You can go just about anywhere and look equally good. But when colts are as even in ability as these, if you make one wrong move you look bad."

Billy Haughton, who drove Carlisle out of No. 6, said, "I don't think the post position will handicap George very much. Polaris is a handy horse, and he can get away from there. George is a lot surer with his colt than I feel with mine." What bothered Billy most was Carlisle's habit of breaking gait. Once the colt reached the lead he would invariably go into a gallop. Haughton spent the spring and summer trying to figure out what was wrong. He gave the colt more work. That did not help. Then he fiddled with the lead weights that Carlisle wears on his hooves. Haughton balanced and rebalanced them. In July he attached small barbells, 14-ounce weights—to each foot. Finally the colt leveled out and stayed on the trot. Carlisle beat Polaris two weeks before the Futurity, but with the added weights he seemed to lose some of his speed.

Governor Armbrø had also been jumping, breaking breaks in three of his last four races. Driver Joe O'Brien declared none of them were the colt's fault.

He said the breaks were caused by bad luck and never mind that rumor around the racetrack that the colt was sore. ("He must be sore," Sholly had said. "He can't have raced so badly.")

Kerry Way had a seemingly unexplainable and unexcusable record, too. The fact was she had not been trained hard for any of her previous races. "I haven't been trying to get her too tight," said old master trainer Frank Ervin. "The race she has to be tight for is The Hambletonian." Furthermore, the filly's training schedule had been delayed when she got an infection in a leg from the dye on her new trotting boots. Last Thursday she donned her old boots when she stepped out to meet the boys. Galoshes might have been more appropriate.

Severe thunderstorms drenched the race course for an hour and a half before the Futurity, but on rock-hard harness tracks mud seldom makes a difference in performance. It may possibly have affected Carlisle, making his hooves even heavier than usual, but Haughton said he had raced well in the mud as a 2-year-old.

At the start of the Futurity, Carlisle barreled to the front. Sholly sent Polaris after him, and by the time they had gone a quarter of a mile Polaris had the lead on the outside. Haughton tucked Carlisle in along the rail in second place. Kerry Way and Governor Armbrø were far back. Polaris went to the half in 1:02½. Joe O'Brien pulled Governor Armbrø out to make his move at the three-quarter pole.

As the field trotted into the final turn, Polaris still had the lead and Carlisle was still a length or so behind. Suddenly Haughton's horse threw a shoe. It careened into the infield, and the colt immediately began to pace, not trot. His race was over. At the top of the stretch Governor Armbrø moved into second and Kerry Way rushed from sixth to third. Polaris just kept trotting. They never got near him. He won by two and a half lengths in 2:06.

George Sholly was jubilant. "See you at The Hambletonian," he told anyone that shook his hand. Joe O'Brien and Frank Ervin came off the track smiling broadly, too. Their horses had put in their best races in months, and The Hambletonian, at Du Quoin, Ill., was still three weeks off. Come to think of it, they also were telling people, "See you at The Hambletonian."

END

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GOLF / Joe Jares

Out of the woods to a title

Despite periods of trouble off the
tee, JoAnne Gunderson Carner won
the longest Amateur championship

Supremacy in U.S. women's amateur golf is decided every summer on the final day of a demanding week-long tournament, the design of which was first presented in the last will and testament of Bluebeard. The two who have survived qualifying plus four rounds of tense match play get to tee off early in the morning and battle each other for 36 holes, or until one of them gets an unsurmountable lead, wins a sudden-death hole or collapses from prickly heat. Ten years ago in Indianapolis, two young ladies, JoAnne Gunderson, 17, and Marlene Stewart, 22, met in a particularly wild finale. Miss Gunderson was 4 up with 11 holes to go but managed to lose the match because of her own goof and Miss Stewart's hot putting. Last week the same pair, now married women, met again on doomsday, and JoAnne Gunderson Carner got her revenge by winning the longest final match in the history of the U.S. Golf Association—41 holes.

The match, to decide the USGA's 66th Women's Amateur title, lasted more than 7½ hours, not counting a lunch break after the first 18, and more than a few seemingly healthy spectators gave up because of sore legs, blisters or the heat. They retired to the clubhouse of the Sewickley Heights Golf Club, near Pittsburgh, to drink gin and tonics and await the results in comfort.

JoAnne was prepared for such a trial, however. Since her loss as a 17-year-old, she has made the finals four times and won three, improving on her reputation for being as long off the tee as the mightiest of the lady pros. She is a strapping,



WINNER JOANNE WAITED 10 YEARS

5-foot 7-inch blonde, who seems not too anxiety ridden when her erratic drives keep her in the woods as much as Smokey Bear. JoAnne did not enter the Amateur last year because she and her husband, Don, had just opened a par-3 course in Seekonk, Mass., called the Firefly Country Club. This year they turned their business over to a trust-worthy 15-year-old assistant and came to Sewickley. Don, easy to spot in the crowd in his slacks the color of hot mustard, JoAnne had warmed up by entering two New England tournaments and winning both.

Miss Stewart, now Mrs. Marlene Siegel of Willowdale, Ontario, had not won the Amateur since 1956 and had not even entered since 1959, but she had been busy getting married and having two daughters. A Canadian citizen who won the U.S. collegiate title when she attended Rollins College in Florida, Marlene wears glasses and freckles but seldom a smile, at least not on the course.

"Oh, I smiled," she insisted after one match. "I didn't mean to be grim. I have to work at concentration. After all, I came down to play in a tournament."

They started at 9:30 a.m. last Saturday with a small gallery and the grass dripping with dew. Marlene went 3 up on the 2nd hole, but by the end of nine JoAnne was 3 up and cruising along like

Jack Nicklaus against a tour rookie. Then the pride of Seekonk felt the call of the wild. While Marlene kept to her careful, accurate short game, seldom gambling, JoAnne landed next to a tree on the 12th and barely nudged the ball with a left-handed swing. On the 14th she took another woody detour, and it took two shots, one of them left-handed again, to get the ball back onto the fairway. By the end of 18 holes, safety-first Marlene was 1 up. Then came time out for a luncheon of roast-beef sandwiches that were mostly bread and butter.

The afternoon of the marathon started at 2 o'clock, and by that time the gallery was large, peering and growling at every hull climb. Marlene's husband, who had flown in from Ontario the night before, was part of the hurry-up-and-get-it-over-with group, most of whom stuck it out to the bitter end. JoAnne again was master of the front nine and was 2 up after 27 holes, but her Smokey Bear predilection again helped fritter away the lead. She came to the 35th hole 1 down but evened the match with a par when Marlene three-putted from 32 feet. On the 36th Marlene's nine-foot putt bounced out of the cup. It would have won the match, which instead went into sudden death.

Marlene made a series of pressure putts to keep things even, until finally on the 41st she lost, JoAnne-style, going off the fairway with her tee shot and hitting a tree trying to get back on. The ball was deflected into a trap, and she could not recover. A white tee tucked behind her right ear, JoAnne kissed her husband, and Marlene managed a brave smile and said, "She's just too good, but it still was a thrill to be back playing her after 10 years."

JoAnne Carner's victory made her only the second woman to win the Amateur more than three times. She intends to keep coming back to the tournament every summer and may well catch up with Mrs. Edwin H. (Glenna Collett) Vare Jr., who won six titles from 1922 to 1935 without exploring the countryside quite as thoroughly.

That the final would put two such older players as 27-year-old JoAnne and 32-year-old Marlene was not anticipated in the earlier stages of the tournament, when



FOR REVENGE OVER LOSER MARLENE

most of the applause followed youth. Shelley Hamlin, 17, of Fresno, Calif., shot a record low of 73 on the first day of qualifying, then sauntered in the second day with a record 70. Her total of 143 was six strokes lower than anyone else's. At least 10 mature male hackers in the gallery watched with embarrassment and vowed to switch from golf to no-time-limit chess. Fully qualified then, Shelley won her first-round match 5 and 4 from Mrs. I. C. Robertson, a member of the British Curtis Cup team. It took three-time champion Mrs. Anne Quast Weis to knock her out in the second round on the 19th hole.

Another girl wonder, Roberta Albers, 19 (St. Aug. 15), lasted a bit longer, undoubtedly because she was an old pro at this prodigy business, having reached the semifinals once at age 14. For the first time since then, Roberta got to the semis at Sewickley and ran into Marlene Saret. Roberta played well, forcing the Canadian to chip from more than 40 feet away to within two feet of the cup and sink the putt to keep the match from being tied and going into extra holes. But this was a year for the veterans, not the Wunderkinder. Or, as weary but still wincing JoAnne Carner said at the presentation ceremony:

"Marlene, it's nice to know we old married women are still all right." **END**

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BY ROBERT A. MCGRAW



Sorry—no admittance.

In John Kenneth Galbraith's book, *The Affluent Society*, the noted economist says that the public relations man must re-build the image of the business executive as a man of artistic and intellectual stature. "A businessman who reads *BUSINESS WEEK*," he writes, "is lost to fame. One who reads *Proust* is marked for greatness."

Of course, we were disconsolate at the thought. We'd always believed that *BUSINESS WEEK*, with its informative facts and figures, its analyses of trends, its insights into people, products, and companies, was helping our readers become famous—at least as captains of industry. But Professor Galbraith may be right. There aren't many busts in the Hall of Fame marked "Chairman of the Board," or "President," or "Successful Executive." And that's the kind of "fame" we specialize in.

Of course, we could always get this fellow Proust to write for us. Maybe do an article on computer memory banks—call it *Remembrance of Things Past*. Will that help, Professor?

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COMMONWEALTH GAMES / Gwilym S. Brown

Fierce fight in the family

When the Commonwealth nations went at each other's throats the chief casualties were double loser Ron Clarke and a slew of swimming marks

One of the enduring clichés of international sport is that the British Empire and Commonwealth Games, which ended last week in hot and humid Kingston, Jamaica, are a fun thing really, a jolly old family affair. The Queen, among others, said so, and so did the Duke. Well, the eighth installment of the quadrennial reunion proved that the fun aspect can be greatly exaggerated. At Kingston there was a powerful competitive element. No one was forgetting a future affair that distinctly will not be a family reunion, the 1968 Olympic Games. A pair of distance runners from Kenya, Nafiah Temu and Kipchoge Keino, produced an astonishing show on the National Stadium's red clay track that seemed to indicate there may be hundreds of young runners, now living and training at high altitude, who will be able to beat Ron Clarke or Jim Ryun or anyone else in the thin supply of oxygen available in Mexico City. Temu, as unknown in Kingston as in Kansas, resoundingly defeated Ron Clarke in the six-mile run. Keino, after a bitterly fought three-mile victory over Clarke, came back to win the mile in 3:55.3, pulling five other runners under the four-minute mark with him.

A group of Australian swimmers indicated that they may be well ahead of schedule in getting ready to challenge the U.S. and Russia at Mexico City. Splashing gleefully through the bright blue outdoor pool, the Aussies treated the record book like the hated index of their deficiencies that it had become in recent years. En route to winning 11 gold medals they smashed no less than nine world records.

The Games were also significant where the career of the world's outstanding distance runner, Ron Clarke, is concerned. He arrived in Kingston intent on win-

ning both the three- and six-mile runs, to add some luster to a career that showed numerous world records but not one Olympic or Commonwealth Games victory. He left with two silver medals instead and a determination to change his training techniques.

Clarke's troubles began almost at the start of the Games, in the six-mile run.



AUSTRALIA'S FAMED CLARKE RUNS AT

"This is the most important race of my life," he said. "It's the best chance I've ever had to win a big games gold medal, so it seemed. There was no one in the field of 11 with either the competitive record or the fast times to match Clarke's. "I want to win the six-mile, but I also want to make the race as easy as possible," he said, aware that 48 hours later he would be meeting his frequent and vigorous opponent, Ketner. "I'll go out fast and try to shake everyone off. If I feel strong, I'll keep going. If I don't, I'll drift."

Clarke did not feel particularly strong—the humidity and heat were intense—but he never had a chance to do any drifting. Temu, a short, spindly 22-year-old army private from the hill country 140 miles north of Nairobi, shook himself free of the pack and stuck to front-runner Clarke like a gnat. Clarke tried to brush him off by racing through the last three miles at a killing pace, then by



HEELS OF KENYA'S UNHERALDED TURN

a series of spurt and stall tactics designed to weaken his inexperienced opponent. The only one to weaken was Clarke. Temu's coach, John Velzian, an Englishman whose government had sent him to teach physical education in Kenya eight years ago, had warned his runner of what might happen. "When he spurts you spurt, when he slows you slow," was Velzian's advice to Temu.

Temu followed instructions, his confidence blooming with each trip around the quarter-mile track as he sensed that Clarke's was fading. With four laps to go and the crowd of 20,000 howling, he suddenly sprang into the lead and covered the last mile in 4:17.2. Temu's winning time was 27:14.6, some 27.6 seconds over Clarke's world record, but as the Kenyan rushed joyfully through the tape the world-record holder was tottering along 150 yards back on the track.

"That was the hardest race I've ever had," groaned Clarke as he collapsed into the high-jump pit when his ordeal was over. "I've never felt worse. It's impossible to run against those blokes. They train and live up in those high altitudes and even someone you've never heard of can beat you."

Two nights later in the three-mile race, Clarke at least knew whom he had to beat—Keino—and what he must do to beat him. The Australian has never trained himself to finish with a kick and must, therefore, on a steady fast pace that will exhaust his opponents well before the end of the race. In this strategic plan Clarke was helped by teammates Kerry O'Brien and Ian Blackwood, who alternated in pulling the field through a first mile at 4:15.8, right on record schedule. But two laps later Keino sprinted ahead of Clarke. The pain of holding such a pace, however, forced the Kenyan to slow down. "I was out for the record," said Keino, "but I began to feel very tired. I decided I'd better just concentrate on winning." Keino saved his finishing sprint until the two runners, side by side, came galloping out of the final turn. Then he moved ahead and won by 17 yards.

"How will this affect my attitude toward Mexico City?" Clarke considers the question the day after his second loss to a Kenyan. "I am more determined than ever to do well. I haven't worked on developing my speed because I've been too stubborn and I haven't had too much time, but now I'm going to start."

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Manhattan, of course.



doing sprints a couple of times a week at least. Not having a fast finish is just too much of a handicap."

He also plans a more drastic change in his life to offset the tremendous advantage he feels that runners from high altitudes, like Temu and Kemu, will have at Mexico City. At 29°C Jarke is a successful, busy man. He is the comptroller for a combine of seven companies at Melbourne. He is also a busy family man, with a wife and two children and another child due in December. Nevertheless, six months before the start of the next Olympics he plans to pack himself and his family off to Font-Romeu in the Pyrenees, a high-altitude training center to which he has been invited by the French.

While Clarke was setting himself up for Mexico City with a pair of defeats, his swimming countrymen were preparing themselves with a series of decisive victories. "I've been saying since Tokyo," said the Aussies' stocky, 33-year-old swimming coach, Don Talbot, "that we'd be very close at Mexico City but not quite ready. But this proves we are a little ahead of schedule."

Talbot's two prizes are Mike Wenden and Pete Reynolds. Wenden is a 16-year-old schoolboy from New South Wales who often trains four times a day and appears now to be a match for Don Scholander of the U.S. Wenden is no Scholander for style—he thrashes through the water with the ferocity of a dog digging for bones—but at Kingston he set a world record in the 220-yard freestyle, defeated the world-record holder, Scotland's Robbie MacGregor, in the 110-yard freestyle and helped his team set world records in the 800- and 440-yard freestyle relays and the 440-yard medley relay.

Reynolds is far more graceful but just as effective. He is tall and bony, has long brown hair and large, wide ears and would look more at home hunting turkeys in West Virginia than seeking world records in a swimming pool. But he bagged two in the pool at Kingston: the 220-yard backstroke and the 440-yard individual medley. It must be kept in mind that all the world records at Kingston were set in yards rather than the more frequently contested metric distances. But the Australians matched or bettered the metric equivalent in three events and are certainly much improved from the team that won only four gold medals in the Tokyo Olympics.

If the Games were enjoyable for Kes-

no, Temu and the Australian swimmers, they were a riot for the Malaysian men's badminton team, the best in the world. The Malaysians won both the singles and doubles titles, beating only each other in the finals of each. The English fencing team, which won gold medals in all seven events, had an equally fine time, as did the divers, who put on an exhibition of comic diving that had the poolside crowd stamping and even meet officials grinning in delight.

Like Ron Clarke, however, there are those who will remember the Games as something less than a Caribbean vacation. It is hot and humid in Kingston, and the town is the island's capital and commercial center, not a resort. To some, its crumbling buildings, its winding, narrow streets crowded with cars, wagons, bicycles, people and livestock possess an infectious turn-of-the-century charm. To others, who demand speed and modern efficiency, the place is just plain frustrating. Part of the problem is that Jamaicans have made a permanent adjustment to the heat. They are cheerful and polite, on the whole, but possess an equatorial somnolence that hardly lends itself to the swift completion of appointed rounds.

In the stadium only the opening ceremony was conducted on schedule. Despite long patches of inactivity on the track, the program ran up to an hour late while the athletes tried desperately to attune their warmups to the erratic schedule. There were foul-ups during the victory ceremonies when a flag could not be raised or the band played the wrong anthem. The broad jumpers staged a sit-down strike after an official had ordered so much water poured on their runway that they left muddy footprints in it when they tried to make their run-ups. Scotland's James Alder, winner of the marathon, almost lost the race because officials near the finish became confused over the proper route. Perhaps this was why the only world record bettered on the track came in the very last event. With Wendell Mottley, a graduate of Yale and a graduate student at Cambridge, running his anchor leg in 44.4, the mile-relay team from Trinidad-Tobago finished in 3:02.8. More important than records was what the Commonwealth's family get-together proved: its members will be fierce even in the less-than-British surroundings of the next Olympic Games.

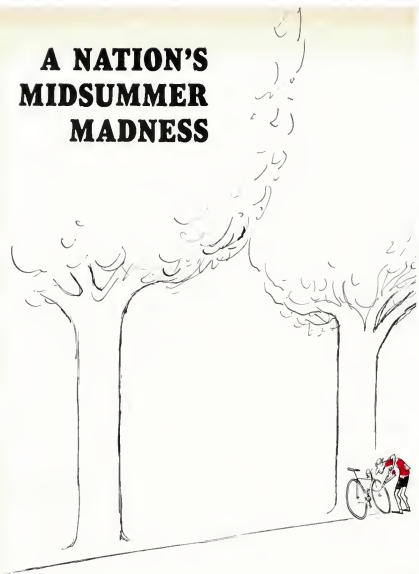
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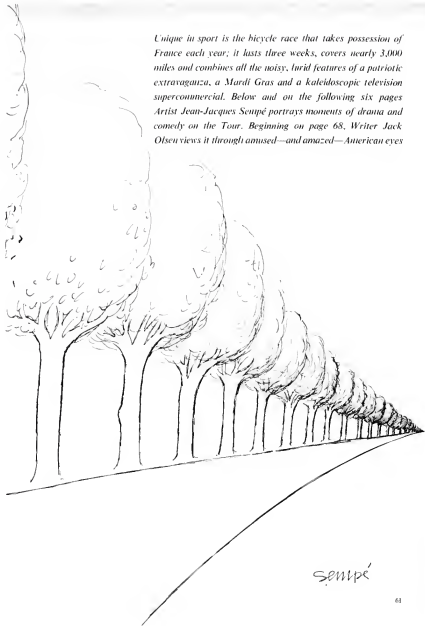
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A NATION'S MIDSUMMER MADNESS



Unique in sport is the bicycle race that takes possession of France each year; it lasts three weeks, covers nearly 3,000 miles and combines all the noisy, lurid features of a patriotic extravaganza, a Mardi Gras and a kaleidoscopic television supercommercial. Below and on the following six pages Artist Jean-Jacques Sempé portrays moments of drama and comedy on the Tour. Beginning on page 68, Writer Jack Olsen views it through amused—and amazed—American eyes



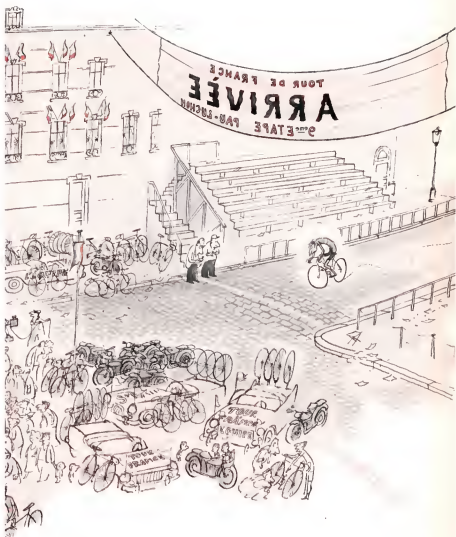












A RACE NOT ALWAYS TO THE SWIFT

BY JACK OLSEN

A butcher in a stained apron and his wife in a bright house-dress stood on tiptoes as the bike racers streamed by in a long ribbon of lavenders and greens and umbers and blacks and golds. "Look at them!" said the butcher disdainfully, struggling to see over a roof of heads. "All muscles and no brains. What would they be without their muscles?"

The woman blinked through the blue-gray cloud from her husband's Gitanes cigarette. "Butchers," she said.

Every year in the heat of summer the French play out the complex tragicomedy known as the Tour de France, and every year families are broken, pitched battles are fought and lifelong friendships rift over the hot-weather passions thus aroused. "You Americans can never understand the Tour," a Frenchman told me. "If you cannot understand such a simple thing as the soufflé, how do you expect to understand the Tour? My advice is do not trouble yourself to try. Go and enjoy some raspberries instead!"

"It's just a bike race, isn't it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" said the Frenchman. "It is just a bike race, and Jeanne Moreau is just a female."

After following the Tour from its start in Nancy to its conclusion in Paris, I am forced to agree that the Tour de France is not just a bike race. Who ever heard of a hike race that lasts three weeks and features a dozen dozen athletes fetchingly attired in advertising messages front and derrière, cycling their hearts out with the help of a load of Doreidine that would stagger even the students at NYU and Berkeley? And who ever heard of a bike race that meanders through an entire country, a gypsy caravan covering almost 3,000 miles of peddling and pedalling until one contestant finally wins and becomes—presto! chango!—an instant franc millionaire? And who ever heard of a bike race in which the roadside partisans spray the overheated contestants with garden hoses, hand them refreshments on the fly, give them discreet pushes on the steep grades—or throw tacks in front of their wheels, taunt them with bottles of cool, clear water and sometimes beat them up?

Parallels to other sports events in other countries simply do not exist. For one thing, nobody really sees the Tour. How can you see it? Let us suppose that the day's program calls for a 164-mile stage from Chamonix to St.-Etienne. The entire route is sealed off by police and turned into a one-way passage for the racing. You can watch the start at Chamonix, or you can pick a spot alongside the road and wait for hours to see the racers whiz by or you can

watch them arrive at St.-Etienne. No matter what you do, you will see no more than an eyeblink of what goes on. One might just as well watch the World Series by training a telescope on a spot between first and second base and watching the action there for a third of an inning.

None of this bothers the French, who do not need to see a sports event to enjoy it. Anyway, the Tour de France is no mere sports event but a social, patriotic, political and semireligious spectacle as well, with its roots deep in the medieval concepts of knight and attendant, the mystique of giants and heroes and villains. It is impossible for French journalists to color the Tour anything but purple. The literary pattern was established in 1903 by Henri Desgrange, who conceived the idea of the race, compared himself to Emile Zola and then wrote in his newspaper for a starter: "From Paris to the blue waves of the Mediterranean, from Marseille to Bordeaux, passing along all the roseate and dreamy roads, sleeping under the sun, across the calm of the fields of the Vendée, following the Loire, which flows on still and silent, our men are going to race madly, unflaggingly. . . ."

Racers who take the lead find themselves described in press and on radio as gods and demigods, Apollos, eagles, knights, heroes. When someone pedals after the leader, he "attacks." Contestants who give chase are "jackals," nipping at the heels of the "lions of the road." This year an otherwise calm newspaper in the east of France headlined on opening day: "THE 130 GIANTS ARE OFF!" and noted elsewhere on Page One that Charles de Gaulle had left for the Soviet Union. The public address announcer at the finish line in Pau, one of 22 daily stop-offs in the Tour, declaimed to a breathless crowd: "The giants are now pedaling through a horrifying mountainous pass!" and later, "The kings of the road are defeating the mountains with great nobility in a setting of antique splendor!" He really *said* that. Feuding cyclists inevitably are tagged "Cain and Abel", a teammate who fails to help out becomes an overnight "Judas," and every stage of the race brings its apocalypse, its Armageddon or its apotheosis. Anyone who finishes the race is a hero (in a typical year about half the starters finish; the rest drop out because of sunstroke, frostbite, broken limbs, saddle sores, overstimulation by goafballs and sometimes even death). The cyclist who finishes last has come to be known as the *Lanterne Rouge*, or Red Lamp, and he is acclaimed and interviewed along with the rest. After all, another six or eight dozen did not finish at all. The *Lanterne*

Rouge may have lost his toenails from the constant forward pressure in his cycling shoes, his backside may be pocked by suppurating ulcers and his mind so addled by amphetamine that he is not sure of his name, but he is a hero, a major athletic figure, a finisher in the Tour de France, the most trying sports event on earth.

"The Tour is finished," Founder Desgrange wrote in 1904 in his newspaper, *L'Auto*, "and I can assure you that the second edition has been the last—killed by its own success, by the uncontrollable passions which it has released. The fanatical spectators have caused us to forget any ideas of preserving the Tour de France." In the first year of the Tour a naturalized Frenchman of Italian birth had been the winner, and the next year supporters of a French cyclist set out to keep the foreigner from repeating. Cycling near St.-Etienne, he was attacked by a mob, and one of his racing mates badly injured. From Nîmes to Toulouse the sporadic attacks continued, and police had to pull guns to protect the lead riders. To keep the race from collapsing on the spot Desgrange arranged for pre-dawn starts, secret reroutings and police protection the length of the caravan. But on the final stage, the leg into Paris, cyclists were stopped by improvised barricades of trees, wagons and hay, and each time were set upon by the locals. It was after this that Desgrange issued his gloomy forecast.

But somehow the Tour continued the next year, and every yearwar since, with frequent outbursts of violence and as many as 12,000 policemen (this year's complement) on the job. Long stretches of tack-strewn road became a commonplace, and racers would ride each stage with six or seven spare tires looped around their necks. In 1913 tacks forced two dozen riders to abandon the Tour on a single leg. One cyclist, Duboc, was headed for the lead when he accepted a refreshment from a spectator and collapsed, apparently poisoned. The Belgians, one of whom was the race leader, quit en masse to protest the pepper that was being flung into their faces. Bikes were sabotaged by second-story men while their owners slept at night. From time to time cyclists had to resort to false hair and beards, stage makeup and phony uniforms to get through certain villages without being buried in garbage, or simply smacked in the mouth.

And yet every threat by its backers to call off the Tour only brought a national cry of anguish from the French. No sports event ever became a monument so quickly, surviving even its own imperfections and its own tragedies, building an overnight folklore. One spoke reverently of the great Pélissier, who suffered serious injuries at the hands of an adulatory mob when he crossed the finish line in Paris. And how could one forget the tragic René Potier, who won the Tour in 1906 and soon afterward was found, inexplicably, dead by his own hand? In the Tour of two years later René's brother, André, reached the summit of the Ballon d'Alsace and dismounted to salute a small monument to his brother's memory. Sobbing uncon-

trollably, young Potier was persuaded to remount his bicycle, but he never regained the time lost at the monument and finished in 17th place. And what of the Spaniard Brambilla, who had one Tour all but sewn up, only to lose on the final lap? Brambilla went into a deep depression, and one day his friends found him burying his bicycle, upright like a knight's charger, in a pit in his garden. Another Spaniard, Cepeda, took a bad fall and kept on riding. Later he collapsed, was taken to the hospital at Grenoble and died of a fractured skull. André Darrigade whirled into the Parc des Princes in Paris, traditional finishing place for the Tour, well in the lead for his sixth stage victory of the 1958 race. An official stumbled into Darrigade's path, and the two of them collapsed in a tangle of spokes and flesh. Darrigade recovered to ride the lap of honor with his head turbaned in bandages. The official died.

But not all the memories are so grim. Some recall the North African racer, Zaaf, who made a lone breakaway in the hot sun. Nipping at a flask of Corbière wine, he pedaled into a tidy lead, fell off his bike, remounted and rode off in the opposite direction, meeting the field head on in a few short minutes. And who could forget the Spaniard Bahamontes, who used to race to the top of a difficult mountain and then dismount, eat ice cream and joke with the crowd while waiting for his pursuers to come into sight? Then he would wave at them and take off for the next challenge. Unfortunately for Bahamontes, he was less inspired on the flat and won only one Tour, although he collected thousands of dollars in special prizes for being first over this mountain and that. The Frenchman Henri Alavoine had his own climbing technique. He would seek out one of the official cars chugging up a steep grade and engage the passengers in long argument over some technicality of the rules, all the time clinging tightly to the door and getting a free lift. The rules forbade such tows, but who could turn the poor *garçon* away when he had a serious point to discuss? In the 1935 Tour, Romain Maes of Belgium opened up a slight lead on the first stage of the race, reached a railroad crossing just before a long freight train came by and thereby improved his lead so much that he was never headed for the rest of the race. The Tour de France is not always to the swift.

The French family packs a picnic lunch and supper, a bag of metal petanque balls, a deck of cards and the dog into the family Simca and heads for a vantage point to watch the annual appearance of the Tour de France. For brief seconds they see the cyclists flowing by, usually in a thick pack called the peloton, moving at speeds up to 45 and 50 mph. But before that fleeting sight they spend hours killing time and watching an outlandish commercial spectacle. The honky-tonk procession that winds past the spectator ahead of the cyclists is aimed at selling products, but judging from the remarks of the onlookers, it is viewed largely as comic relief, a peg on which to hang the French

continued

inner craving for ridicule and lampoon. I observed the caravan as it arrived at that day's finish line in a small southern town, and my notebook contains the following loose-knit impressions:

Two motorcycle cops blast their engines and race along edges of crowd, trimming back exactly as harbor trams hair. Here is caravan! Four Peugeot in beautiful blue-and-white arrive with musicians on top clinging to platforms. Sign bills one as "Bernard Laroché, accordion champion of France." Not Olympic champion, just champion of France. Important distinction. Bernard is playing as fast as he can move hands, but nobody can hear him, because of din from horns and engines and frantic commercial spiel coming from man at stake alongside finish line. Bernard plays heart out, you feel sorry for the poor guy. He is advertising Camping-Gaz, a butane.

Here come five trucks advertising Catch, an insecticide. On top of each truck is huge fly or mosquito, dead on his back, feet sticking skyward. Very appealing. Crowd reacts with great enthusiasm. Coffee truck comes by, and announcer screams, "This coffee is really good, folks!" Crowd not interested. Bernard Laroché runs up to finish-line microphone just as Esso truck comes along with "Mettez un Tigre dans Votre Moteur" lettered on side, followed by another car pushing hair tone, another with a giant power saw on top and then a Singer sewing-machine truck bearing words, "Singer, your sincere friend," and all of them equipped with loudspeakers blaring commercial messages, but not one of them can be heard. Bernard Laroché and his champion accordion have taken over the P.A. system, and here he goes! He plays the *Mazurka Waltz* in 27 seconds by my watch, beating Libera's record by eight seconds. Can see how he became champion of France. Another accordionist comes by atop another truck, and he is billed as "Champion Accordionist of World!" Does not fade Bernard, he plays on, he has the mike.

Now comes truck, topped by huge plastic banana, sponsored by Le Comité de Propagande de la Banane, whose sign points out that banana is "Le Fruit à Maitre Jaune," the fruit with the yellow jersey. Significant because the daily leader of Tour de France is allowed to wear a small *jaune*, symbolic of his excellence, and so does banana. Get it?

Here come three baton twirlers billed as "Les Maestres championnes des U.S.A." They are advertising Europe 1, a big radio station, and they are probably worst twirlers extant. Wear white crash helmets and short skirts and boots, and they stop often to retrieve dropped batons and try to pick up beat from little combo called Les Haricots Rouges, the Red Beans. Nobody can hear Red Beans because Bernard Laroché still has microphone. "Why do those girls wear crash helmets?" I ask, but my question is answered instantly when one of the majorities conks self on helmet. "They wear them not only for safety," says a friend, "but also because they are bald!"

For an hour or more great procession keeps coming. Announcers regurgitate microphone from Bernard Laroché and begins shilling for passing products. A car advertising Saurer aperitif goes by, and harassed announcer informs bored crowd that Saurer is a wonderful product and will kill bugs one! two! three! "He is probably right," says man next to me. Giant beer barrel rolls by on truck, topped by sign announcing "Champagnettes, queen of beers, the most important brewery in the Common Market." Atop the barrel sits still another accordionist, face covered with accumulated chalky dust of the countryside, fingers racing silently across keys. "What a job!" says a man. "I would rather have a thorn in my foot for a living." Trucks and cars come by advertising Coper pâte de canard, Patis-51, Longines watches, Poulsen chocolate, Mercedes ("The Good Star of the Tour"), kitchen ranges, refrigerators, freezers, glue, gasoline, soft drinks, some

90 products in all, and each vehicle with its own distinctive screaming attention-getting noise. One modest little automobile rolls by silently, its panels advertising *L'Humanité*, Communist newspaper of Paris. "There they go," says friend. "For once the Communists are making converts by keeping quiet." Truck marked 't'iguit screams to stop, and two men begin shouting from tailgate, "Allez-y, les Sports!" Come on, sports! Afraid to risk being stigmatized as nonsport, I line up for privilege of paying 40¢ for *L'Équipe's* special edition, which includes five copies of other magazines published by *L'Équipe* company, all at least six months old. "That's how they get rid of back copies," man explains. "This morning I paid 10¢ for a special edition of another paper, and I got three TV programs from 1965. The very definition of useless!" Fat man pedals up to knot of local officials and delivers case of cold beer from deep box over front wheel. "What are you waiting for?" somebody shouts. "Join the Tour!" Fat man cries, "I am not crazy," pedals stoutly away. At last procession ends, short lull, and then far down road I can see a flash of color that marks first cyclists, straining and wiggling up the grade en *danses*, like dancers. Who are these interlopers? I say to self. What are they selling?

The interlopers, themselves festooned in advertising patches like cars at the Indianapolis 500, started this year from Nancy, an industrial town near the German border and not far away from the fields where they say Joan of Arc tended her sheep. In a chill morning mist, the leader of a French Army contingent barked "*En avant!*," the tricolor creaked up a wooden shaft and *La Marseillaise* filled every corner of Stanislas Square. The cyclists pedaled slowly down a long row of plane trees, eased up to the starting line and then shot away with a speed that came as a shock to those seeing the race for the first time. "Outsiders have a tendency to think of the Tour de France as a leisurely spin across 4,300 kilometers," an official explained, "with the winner being the man with the most stamina, like the winner of a marathon running race. But the Tour actually is a series of long-distance sprints, with overnight rests in between." Indeed, the average speed for the 2,688-mile race is between 20 and 25 mph, and when one takes into consideration flat tires, steep mountain grades, icy passes and rough spots where bikes must be walked or carried, one sees that downhill speeds must nearly double the average, and speeds on the flats have to stay near the 35-mph mark if the rider is to have a chance. Add to this the behavior of the *démotivateurs*, or support riders, and one can see how the race involves brain and brawn in a tortuously subtle blend. Each 10-man team has one, or sometimes two, riders who are reckoned to have a chance to win; all the others are *démotivateurs*, helpers, attendants for the stars of the Tour. The *démotivateur* paces their heroes, serve as shields for them when the wind is breaking across the road, provide slipstreams in which the hero can pedal with less effort, and keep a weather eye out for stars of other teams attempting breakaways. Like pica-dors, they harass enemy racers. Sometimes they will form a slow-moving clot to hold back an attacker while their own man pedals into a solid lead. When an enemy star breaks away, opposing *démotivateur* sprint after him, sometimes sacrificing themselves for the remainder of the stage merely to put the stopper on a challenger, like pawns

in a chess game. It is not unknown for overzealous domestiques to yank enemy stars by the sweater, try to dump their bikes and engage in other hanky-panky. There is something in excess of \$100,000 in prize money hanging on the race, and by tradition it is divided among domestiques, with the stars making their own incomes from side money that pours in with each success. The smell of \$100,000 seems to be enough to dispel the usual French sense of fair play. This year two riders were fined and set back to the last two places for dirty play. Others were not caught, or caught and forgiven.

Even before the posterior of the last cyclist had disappeared from the environs of Nancy, headed for the Meuse and the Forest of Ardennes to the north, the results of this year's 22-day Tour had been preordained by the French press. The matter was summed up by *L'Equipe*, the sporting daily which, along with *Le Parisien Libéré*, sponsors the race. *L'Equipe* headlined, ANQUETIL'S SIXTH GREAT YEAR OR POUILLIDOR'S FIRST? There were 128 other racers in the Tour, but there was no doubt in any Frenchman's mind that the race would be between the two French farmers' sons, one of them Anquetil, the Babe Ruth of cycling, the other Poulidor, a Jimmy Stewart type who never seems to win but charms everybody while losing.

Jacques Anquetil, a blond and handsome Norman with a chic wife and several million dollars, had last appeared in the Tour of 1964, when he had rattled off his fifth win, the last four consecutively, an accomplishment roughly equivalent to leading the major leagues in batting, home runs and RBIs four years in a row. Only 55 seconds behind the superstar Anquetil in that 1964 race, the closest in history, had come the hapless Raymond Poulidor, the poor-but-earnest racer with the sloping, sad eyes and the shy, friendly smile. All of France knew how to evaluate and handicap the two. Poulidor was the stronger, particularly in the high mountain passes, but his sweet innocence was no match for the cunning, intellectual Anquetil, who utilized his domestiques with consummate cleverness to thwart Poulidor at every opportunity.

Nonetheless, Jacques was now an aging 32, two years older than the hungry Poulidor. Maybe this Tour would mark the first victory for the perennial loser, rewarding him for the stolid indefatigability with which the Frenchman in the street easily identified. You could get an argument on behalf of either cyclist, in fact, such arguments were hard to avoid, especially after the two stars had begun to quarrel between themselves. Their original strategy for the first half of the Tour had been to cycle together, providing pacemaking and windcutting assistance, thus breaking the wills and spirits of the competition. Then, with the German, Belgian, Dutch, Spanish and Italian riders disposed of, the Frenchmen Poulidor and Anquetil would duel it out to the finish for the glory of France and their sponsors. The only problem was that the two began feuding on an early leg after Poulidor was knocked from his bike by one of the official cars that dart

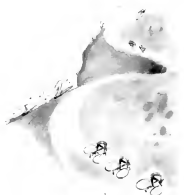
around the Tour like foxhounds. Announced Poulidor as he leaped across the finish line of the stage: "Anquetil saw me fall, and the moment I fell he really started going. Do you think this is a loyal sporting attitude?"

The Tour wound northward and then westward, passing through the coal and grime and steel country of France, into a snippet of Belgium, back to France through the nostalgic town of Armentières, along the windswept beaches on the Channel coast, through cities like Dunkerque and Dieppe and then southward down the Atlantic coast, with Anquetil and Poulidor spitting like two old washerwomen all the way. A German, Rudy Altig, held onto the *maillot jaune* for almost half the Tour, and then an Italian took over. It was not until the 11th leg that a Frenchman pulled on the yellow jersey for the first time, and then it was not Anquetil or Poulidor, but a virtual unknown, a domestique named Jean-Claude Lebaube. The two great stars of the Tour were seven minutes behind.

I made the mistake of bringing the matter up indirectly in the Welcome Bar, a little spa delightfully named in Franglais and perched back off the hot streets in the Place St. Georges in the ancient town of Toulouse. All I said was, "That was an interesting stage today, wasn't it?" There were six people in the bar at the time: four men, including the bartender, and two middle-aged women. Within 15 minutes of my opening remark there were at least 20 people in the bar, attracted by the shouting and screaming, and all of them joining in.

"I will bet anybody in the house a bottle of champagne against Anquetil!" shouted Dede, the bartender, thus offering a ferocious underlay, as is the custom of French bartenders. Several accepted the bet. A woman said that

continued



Anquetil was the best racer because "he has sensitivity," and another answered, "So does a jellyfish!"

"Poulidor hurt Anquetil's feelings with that crack today," said a woman with a Pinocchio nose. "He should be ashamed of himself. That Poulidor, he is nothing but a packet of muscles. He should go and tend his cows!"

I thought of an instant way to quiet the trouble I had started. I proposed a toast to Charles de Gaulle. "No, thanks," said the woman with the long nose.

"Why not?" I asked.

"If you paid my taxes, you'd know why not!"

"I will toast with you," said another man. "To the great De Gaulle!"

Said the woman: "Monsieur, you are confusing tallness with greatness."

"Perhaps you should change your nationality," a man sitting alone at a corner table called to the woman.

"I am French!" the woman cried. "I would not change my nationality for anyone."

"Well spoken!" said a man with his head half resting in his beer. "Neither would I."

"What nationality are you?" the woman asked.

"Breton."

When the arguments were at their dissonant peak, a friend and I ducked into the night. "You think they're all upset," my friend said. "That shows what you know about the French. Listen to them yammering at each other. They've never been happier."

No edition of the Tour de France is complete without a scandal, and the 1966 *casse célèbre* took place smack in the middle of the Anquetil-Poulidor feud, momentarily making a grateful nation forget that its two heroes were rapidly blowing the race by their childish vendetta. One evening at 6:30 Poulidor was getting a rubdown in his room at the Hotel de Normandie in Bordeaux when two doctors and a policeman banged on the door. Before Poulidor could struggle into his pants, the awesome trio was standing in front of him demanding a specimen for laboratory analysis. "You realize, gentlemen, that it is not easy to give such a specimen when one is under emotional shock," Poulidor said. Several minutes later the doctors departed, carrying two bottles.

Word went from hotel to hotel, where the different teams were quartered, as quickly as by *paratonnerre*. Zut, alors! The medics were testing Poulidor! Well, hadn't they pulled something like that every year? Yes, but this year was different! Something would have to be done!

This year was different, because the sponsors of the Tour, along with the new Minister of Youth and Sport, a cabinet officer, had decided to make a frontal assault on the touchy subject of goofballs, which had been sustaining and succoring Tour de France racers ever since pills were invented. Every year, with no lack of bombast, Tour officials had been saying that the goofballs had to

go, but this year they had backed that up by pushing through new laws providing for fines up to \$1,000 and a year in jail. The spectacle of Poulidor being hauled off to the penitentiary struck terror into the other racers, because if Poulidor went, no one on the stuff was safe. Secret covenants were secretly arrived at, and the next morning the Tour departed from Bordeaux toward Bayonne at an ominously slow pace. Officials pulled their cars alongside the riders and inquired as to why they could not seem to move faster than a tortoise at 10 mph.

"Yesterday," said one of the racers, "an attempt was made against freedom of work and human dignity." He pedaled off, leaving the officials to ponder that arcane explanation. A few minutes later, along a shady stretch south of Bordeaux, the whole Tour de France ground to a stop. A Spanish racer started it by dismounting, a second joined him, and then every cyclist stepped from his bike and began slowly walking down the road, pushing his bike alongside. "My, my," said Poulidor merrily. "If we keep on walking, it will take us a long time to get to Bayonne!" With each step the riders began chanting in unison a word that is not in polite use in the United States and only slightly more acceptable in France (a fact that did not prevent the French press from using it repeatedly in articles about the scandal). After three minutes of rendering the air blue the strike ended, as quietly as it had started, and the riders revved up to normal racing speeds.

That night the directors of the Tour sputtered and fumed. "We're going to discuss the matter," one told the press. "It's a very delicate thing. We don't know who started it and who are the leaders. All we know is that two of the racers who were at the tail end of the group got off their bikes, but we couldn't penalize them because they were already among the last in the race."

The organizers said the whole affair was going to downgrade professional cycling in the eye of the public. Nothing further was heard about the two bottles carried out of Poulidor's hotel room. The implications were clear: any charges against Poulidor would bring the Tour to an end immediately, and the officials, with tens of thousands of dollars at stake, did not want to run such a risk. Roger Flamant, sports editor of *Le Figaro*, the organ of French respectability, delivered himself of a philosophical oration on the subject: "Bicycle racers are 15 years ahead of other sportsmen. They are the most intelligent of athletes, and while they all take dope, they take it intelligently. Whenever you have to make an effort that is above average, you have to take something. And where does doping start? You are doping yourself when you drink coffee. There is no other event in the world where you have to keep going in a maximum effort six hours a day for 22 days. It just cannot be done without dope."

A few evenings after the incident, someone knocked at Jacques Anquetil's door, while he was in the bathtub. Anquetil shouted, "Who is it?" and before anyone could

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answer, he said, "Is it the investigators? If it is, I've already been to the bathroom." Whoever had knocked did not knock again.

Entering the Pyrénées and Alps stages of the Tour, Poulidor and Anquetil made up their quarrel, to the relief of the newspapermen covering the race, most of whom seemed to feel that a victory by any other rider, after so many reams of copy had been devoted to the two star Frenchmen, would be a national disgrace. Indeed, the rapprochement so pleased one columnist that he proclaimed the Tour would now turn into a poem of happiness, which he proceeded to quote:

*Montons sur nos deux palefrois,
Si tu veux faisons un rêve
Tu m'emmènes, je t'emmène
L'oiseau chante dans les bois. . .*

Which means, freely translated, that we should get on our horses and have a beautiful dream together and if you take me along I'll go with you and the bird will be singing in the woods. The applicability of this to a bicycle race was not entirely clear, but the columnist was too ecstatic to care. He exhorted the now friendly stars to remember that there were not 50 ways to wage a struggle, but only one "to win!"

Inspired by these and similar words throughout the press of France, Anquetil and Poulidor slowly began to make up the seven minutes they still lagged behind the leaders. But the closest they could get in tandem was five minutes behind the new wearer of the *maillot jaune*, who turned out to be one of Anquetil's teammates on the Ford team: 25-year-old Lucien Aimar, a *domestique* in his second year of professional racing. On a rest day in Turin, Italy, after 17 of the 22 stages had been completed, Anquetil announced with a flourish that he was going to crown his long career

by sacrificing his own chance of victory and turning *domestique* for the little Aimar. The king was going to wait on the servant boy! France applauded with admiration, all except Poulidor. Where did this new spirit of cooperation leave him, a member of another team? He still had five minutes to make up, and now he had to work without the cooperation of friendly enemy Anquetil. "Things are getting serious and uncomfortable for me now," Poulidor said at the Hôtel Pinata Reposo in Turin. "If I attack tomorrow, Aimar and Anquetil probably will be there to squeeze me out."

But the next day Poulidor broke away across the mountains to Chamonix and took 49 seconds from Aimar's lead. Said *Le Parisien Libéré*: "Too much effort for so little." Why had Anquetil not chased Poulidor on the breakaway? "Poulidor made a very nice escape, and I was incapable of following him," Anquetil said graciously. Later he explained that at the frigid summit of the Grand St-Bernard pass, second highest of the Tour, a spectator had doused him with a bucket of ice-cold water. Immediately Anquetil had experienced troubled breathing, and a long history of pulmonary difficulty began to repeat itself.

The next afternoon, on a chilly mountainous leg from Chamonix to St-Etienne, the pack crossed the Rhône and began to work out its various stratagems during a blinding summer thunderstorm. Suddenly Anquetil dropped back 200 yards. He pulled his bike to the side of the road and announced to his team manager, alongside in a car: "*C'est fin. J'arrête*." The doctor bundled him into the ambulance, "the cage of lost illusions" to the racers, and announced that the greatest champion of the Tour de France had a chest cold and a fever and could not continue. Said Anquetil: "My teammate, Lucien, has surmounted many difficulties. I tried to help him as much as I could, but what more could I do? In my condition I would have been more of a hindrance. . . . If Lucien Aimar enters Paris with the *maillot jaune*, I think that I may have been of some help getting him there. For me the Tour is finished."

Three days later Lucien Aimar fulfilled Anquetil's hopes, pedaling into an applauding mob of 46,000 at the Parc des Princes 67 seconds ahead of the Dutchman Jan Janssen and 122 seconds ahead of the valiant Poulidor, who had cut Aimar's lead almost in half on the 32-mile sprint leg from Rambouillet to Paris. The people's choice, Poulidor, clearly the most physically talented rider in the Tour, had managed to lose again. The crowd cheered Aimar and runner-up Janssen, but when third-place Poulidor mounted the stand in his royal-purple-and-gold uniform to accept a bouquet and a kiss, the emotional Parisians jumped to their feet and began chanting, "Pou-li-dor! Pou-li-dor!" When their breath gave out, they began a rhythmic clapping, three claps over and over again, one for each syllable of Poulidor's name. The weary farm boy from the country near Limoges pushed back his shock of black hair, smiled his shy smile and waved weakly to the crowd, secure in his annual role: France's favorite loser in France's favorite race. **END**



On a late-summer day, J. C. Strout of Milbridge, Me. set out aboard his cabin cruiser for the Canadian island of Grand Manan. Milbridge is an old ship-building town, today occupied chiefly with fishing and canning, lying nearly 300 miles beyond Portland along the coast; it is about 75 miles from there across the Gulf of Maine and Bay of Fundy to Grand Manan. The island's cliffs rise from the bay behind a treacherous embankment of fogs, ledges and monstrous tides. A few Milbridge people own land on Grand Manan, but most of its residents have never been there. J. C., on the other hand, owns no island property, but he has loved Grand Manan and its surrounding waters since boyhood trips there with his father. When Milbridge itself lay in dense fog as dawn broke that day, he was not discouraged. He wanted to see his old island friends, and he had promised to take along a couple from Milbridge.

It was early afternoon before holes appeared in the fog and J. C. made up his mind to leave. Enough food for a couple of days, warm clothing and foul-weather gear were loaded aboard the *Eugenia II* at Milbridge's Smith Cove.

The man and his boat are familiar to everybody along that part of the coast. A descendant of Milbridge's first settlers after the Revolution, he is a commercial fisherman, machinist, carpenter, woodsman, hunter's guide, raconteur, landowner and village gadfly. As he approached the close of his first half-century he felt the time was at hand to fulfill an old dream. He had owned boats before, of course; he had been around them all his life. His dream had distinct bluff outlines, and it took the shape of the worthwhile craft in eastern Maine.

The stuff of which J. C.'s dream was to be fashioned grew on his own land. He cut oaks for its frame, and pines and cedars for the rest. Then he trucked the lot, along with his own design for a 50-foot cabin cruiser, to shipbuilders in Black's Harbor, New Brunswick.

"I always wanted a 50-foot boat," he says. "One that would go anywhere, in any weather. I designed her to take a fearful pounding. Next I looked around for an engine. I bought a new 38-horsepower Caterpillar for \$4,000, which was all I could afford. That was nine years ago, and they had heavy, slow-turning engines in those days. Even the Caterpillar salesman said he didn't think a

38-horsepower was big enough to push my boat. I designed her for economy though, and I knew this engine would do it."

J. C. has pushed the *Eugenia II* (it is named for his mother) for almost 2,500 hours through heavy seas Down East, and it has lived up to every standard of durability and economy. He believes that his Caterpillar will not need an overhaul until it has gone over 12,000 miles, which will probably be beyond the lifetime of both J. C. and his boat. It consumes, at a cruising speed of nine knots, only about two gallons of inexpensive diesel fuel an hour. "With the oil I put in, I figure this boat costs me 30¢ an hour to run, or less than \$2.50 for an eight-hour trip. You couldn't run a 3-horsepower outboard on that kind of money."

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the *Eugenia II* was brought to life by the old Caterpillar within her. J. C. nosed out of Smith Cove and swung southeast down Narragansett Bay. The gentle head breeze barely rippled the dark-gray water. The islands all around us in the bay were invisible—their presence made known to us only by J. C.'s occasional comment about their history or ownership. At Flint Island Narrows he steered the *Eugenia II* on a northeasterly course, leaving Narragansett Bay behind. Now he pulled a small black notebook from his hip pocket and looked over the notations he had made there on previous trips: times and courses from one buoy to another, scraps of information on the tides and their currents, observations not to be found on any chart.

"It's late now, and the tide has begun to ebb," he said. "We'll be fighting that devilish tide all the way to Grand Manan. I'm going to stay inshore and sneak up through the islands past Jonesport."

The picturesque route, past wooded promontories and fishing towns, was blotted out. But there was life in the fog and occasional glimpses of it for those aboard the *Eugenia II*. Sandpeeps darted past in small flocks, their endlessly turning little bodies that reflect light so vividly in the sun now nondescript in the fog. The round black head of a seal, its features almost satanic, emerged from the water and returned our curious stare. Once J. C. cut the engine and went on deck, listening for the toll of a buoy he knew to be ahead of us. At length he nodded with satisfaction and returned

Voyage of a Captain from Down East

He knew every treacherous trick of
tide in the stormy waters between
Maine and Grand Manan island

by FRANK GRAHAM JR.

to the pilot house, the fog a little less of a puzzle.

Soon we entered more open water. "We'll beat ourselves to death against this tide," he said. "It's coming to us about five, six knots." One does not have to be a seaman to be aware that the Bay of Fundy's tides are the most notorious in the world. At Grand Manan the tide drops over 30 feet twice a day; elsewhere in the bay the range is considerably greater.

J. C. had decided to alter his course and head for Roque Island, due north of us. "There's a beautiful harbor there," he said. "We'll up a while and wait for the tide to change. The fog might lift, too. Then we'll go on down to Grand Manan later tonight."

Presently we made out through the fog a buoy and a fish weir (pronounced "ware" in these parts) and a deserted lobster boat at anchor in an inlet. The entrance to Roque Island Harbor, a narrow passage between rocks, was cloaked in the fog nearby. J. C. followed a series of ledges for a short distance until it became clear that we were cruising along the island's southwestern shore. Oriented now, he swung around, and in a few moments the *Eugenia II* was in a "thoroughfare" leading to the harbor. The fog lifted just enough to reveal this small watery jewel set in a circle of spruce-covered islands—of which Roque Island was the largest. Like most Down East islands, they arose from the water on granite pedestals, but on its harbor side Roque Island itself descended to

continued

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Down East Boatman *continued*

the water in a gleaming beach, stretching in a white arc for over a mile.

J. C. sailed the *Eugenia II* into a smaller harbor between the islands and tied up, not to a tree limb but to a pole standing offshore from a huddle of small, weather-beaten buildings. This was the headquarters and year-round home of an octogenarian who deals in lobsters. One of J. C.'s party heated a roast chicken prepared early in the day and served it with peas, beer and a chocolate cake bought at a recent Milbridge church sale. A half moon, "bright as a dollar," burned through the fog overhead, but all around us the wisps of fog curled again into an opaque curtain. J. C. decided to remain there for the night.

The *Eugenia II* headed out of the harbor at 5 the next morning into a fresh new day. We could see the distant mainland to the west, where the red-and-white towers of the Navy's radio station at Cutler dispatched its messages to America's scattered submarines.

We had shaken the fog, but the tide ebbing from the Bay of Fundy was again at our throats. The *Eugenia II* pitched in the heavy seas, driving on deck a member of the party whose stomach rebelled at remaining below with the smell of sizzling bacon. The boat was now in the open water of Grand Manan Channel. Terms, each dangling a tiny fish from its blood-red bill, flew gracefully past toward Machias Seal Island. A petrel hugged the troughs in the waves nearby. Harbor and horsehead seals basked on a distant rock. But of all the small life in this chilly sea none creates as much of a stir as the puffins, those *Cyrano*s of the bird world, with their grotesque red-and-white triangular bills and their buzzy flight.

There was the island dead ahead. It is rare to see it so clearly from a distance, for the chill waters of the Bay of Fundy are dammed almost as roundly for their fogs as they are for their tides. Grand Manan, which is about 16 miles long, lies in the bay between West Quoddy Head, Me. and Campobello Island to the west and Nova Scotia to the east. The sunrise once hopes to see at Campobello is likely to be veiled by the fog shrouding Grand Manan 7 miles away across the channel. But in that morning sun Grand Manan shone ahead of us as distinctly as a tropic isle: more distinctly, in fact, because the great cliffs which form its western rim and wrap around its northern and southern ends prompt



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one to get ready for an immediate landing when they are still some miles away.

Presently we stood off from the great cliffs, rising 300 feet and more above the churning surf. At close range their solid front was seen to be a wall of dark columnar volcanic rock crumbling under the elements. Here and there this face was softened by a blanket of green, composed of the moss and shrubby plants that sprouted wherever the crumbling rock granted them a foothold. Ravens glided like dark shadows across this facade. A lighthouse stood at the crest of Southwest Head. Against the cliffs, standing on a pedestal of its own in the surf, was a striking figure: an upright fragment of rock that wind and sea had hewn in the shape of a cross. This was "The Southern Cross," a symbol of that unseen presence which safeguards the lives of island fishermen.

The *Eugenia H* rounded Southwest Head and pushed through choppy waters up the eastern side of the island; a stiff wind had appeared out of the southeast. The cliffs shrank here into low rocky shores and occasional coves. To starboard were other islands of the Grand Manan archipelago: Kent Island, where Bowdoin College maintains a scientific station; Wood Island, once inhabited, now deserted except for nesting petrels at one end, a cluster of houses, stores and a church rotting under an unsympathetic sky. A few minutes later the *Eugenia H* was at rest behind the big breakwater, built of timbers and steel, at Grand Harbor.

The goal attained, what are the rewards? Grand Manan offers very little more than itself to the "rusticators," or tourists, who venture there. Water sports are impractical, the icy water discouraging even most of the islanders from learning to swim and accounting for the high mortality among fishermen. "If you go overboard at Grand Manan," J. C. said, "the thing you want to do is grab hold of an anchor, and when you reach bottom run like hell for the shore."

Lodgings may be found, but not abundantly, at the northern end of the island, while "eating places" are even scarcer. Movies are shown Tuesday and Saturday evenings at the Happy Hour Theater.

Most of the island's 2,400 people are exceptionally hard-working, a generalization supported by a scarcity of the untidy shacks and yards one sees so often

continued



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BUT ONLY IF YOU USE IT.

Down East Boatman *revisited*

on the mainland, and by the hard fact that Grand Manan is New Brunswick's wealthiest county. Almost all this money is made in fishing. There is no lobster fishing off Grand Manan in the summer and early fall, the Canadians having learned to leave the lobsters alone during the breeding and shedding seasons (a lesson Yankee fishermen, mourning over declining catches, refuse to accept). The slack during the summer is taken up by herring, which Grand Manan fishermen pursue reluctantly. Though most of the old smokehouses on the island are unused or have been torn down because of the decline in the smoked-herring market, the smaller fish are now canned as sardines, while the larger ones are converted into fertilizer and shipped to Europe. Inland, some spruce is cut and carried by barge to pulp mills on the mainland.

Motor vehicles provide the islanders with an outlet for both their energy and their earnings. The younger set inclines toward motorcycles, their elders toward late-model automobiles. One Grand Manan fisherman we talked to had never taken his car off the island, yet had put 51,000 miles on it in 15 months. Perhaps more frustrated are the owners of new cars among the 40-odd families that live on White Head, a nearby island. Only three miles of paved road are available to them. In leisure hours they load their cars aboard the little ferry headed for "the main," meaning Grand Manan, and spend the day cruising up and down the road between North and Southwest Heads.

No, it isn't Palm Beach, but there is enough here for those with eyes to see. One never forgets a walk along the rim of the great cliffs, through patches of wind-stunted shrubs, and the view to distant islands and the Nova Scotia shore. Nor the spectacularly sinister wooded ravine at Dark Harbor, into whose depths an elderly man slid from an icy road to his destruction not long ago with his horses and a log-laden sled. Nor the light on the water at Whale Cove, where Willa Cather retired to write some of her last books.

A day later J. C. Strout sailed the *Eagrow II* out of the breakwater at Grand Harbor and away from the island. Into the setting sun? Hardly. All we could see, as J. C. began to grumble, was the dense bank of fog that shortly would envelop us.

END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING—PAUL ELYSTROM of Denmark claimed the Rob III to the 3-5-meter world championship with five hats and two seconds in the seven-man competition in Skalskoven, Denmark.

COMMONWEALTH GAMES—KIP HODGE KEINO of Kenya won both the mile (3:55.1) and 10-mile races. WENDELL MITCHELL, the former Yale sprinter anchored TRINIDAD TOBAGO's relay team to a world-record clocking of 1:02.4 (17 seconds better than the world held jointly by two U.S. teams) and British Empire winners set 13 world records, including nine by Australians, of which two were by Arthur Peter Revie, as the British Empire and Commonwealth Games ended in Kingston, Jamaica (page 16).

FOOTBALL—THE TEXAS high school all-stars defeated Pennsylvania for the second straight year in Quarterback Joe Namath's controversial eighth of 13 games for 173 yards and two TDs and James Street scores of 13 for 152 yards and two TDs paved them to a 34-2 victory in Hershey, Pa.

GOLF—MRS. DON R. CARNER, the former Junior Amateur champion of Seaside, Mass. defeated Mrs. J. Douglas Street of Wakefield, Ont. on the 41st hole to win the 1965 Women's Amateur Championship in Sewickley, Pa. (page 14).

MASON RUDOLPH, who had lost a stakeholder in more than two years, landed the 15th hole of the final round to dissolve a tie with defending champion Jack Nicklaus and went on to win the \$100,000 Thunderbolt Classic at the Upper Merionet Country Club in Clifton, N.J. with a 72-hole score of 278. Nicklaus was second by a stroke.

KATHY WHITEWORTH scored her third straight tournament victory when she won the Lady's Golfing Open at Battersea with a 54-hole score of 214, three shots better than Peggy Wilson. It was Miss Whitworth's sixth win this season, and it increased her earnings to \$22,777, tops on the LPGA Tour.

HARNESS RACING—POLARIS (34-80), driven by George Scott, won the first leg of trotting's Empire Crown with an easy 25-length victory over Gertie Ann Archer in the \$125,000 Yonkers Fantasy Girl at Yonkers, N.Y. (page 12).

In the Major's Cup race at Yonkers BRIT ISAN-OVER (32-40) beat Tangle by 2 1/2 lengths and 4 1/2 mile gap. Her by is a non-betting-only race.

HORSE RACING—NATSASHINA (57-80) won the \$50,000 Arlington Stakes at Saratoga when she drew

and decided that favored Lady Pat, the apparent winner, had interfered with Natashina and faded. While Shoemaker during the stretch run of the mile-and-one-quarter race for 3-year-old fillies.

PENTATHLON—MRS. PAT WINDLOW won the official mark of the National A.A.U. Women's Pentathlon with 4,496 points in Millrose, Calif. Mrs. Windlow originally lost the competition two weeks earlier, then was declared the winner a week later when her team, the Millrose Lions Club, protested the eligibility of the original winner, Denise Paschal. Charming the didn't want to gain her with championship at that manner. Mrs. Windlow finished on the 19th and beat Miss Paschal by 112 points.

POLO—THE SUNNY CLIME team of San Antonio took the National 20-goal championship by defeating Oak Brook (11-7).

SHRIMP—France's JEAN-CLAUDE KELLY and MARIE-LE GENTCHEL gained the combined title at the World Ski Championships in Portillo, Chile as France dominated the competition with six gold medals (page 20). Kelly also won the downhill while Miss Gentchel took the slalom giant slalom.

FENNIS DENNIS RALSTON and CLARK GRAEBNER both won their singles matches the first day, then learned to win the doubles but later suffered to lead the U.S. men's team in the American Zone Davis Cup final in Cleveland. The U.S. will meet Brazil in the Interzone final in October.

MILWAUKEE LICENSED By the New York, N.Y. state Athletic Commission, ERNE TERRELL, 27, was awarded a world title fight challenge by the WBA, and his new manager George A. Harrod Jr. The commission previously had refused to license Terrell because his former manager allegedly was associated with gangsters. The license presumably will lead to a New York fight between Terrell and Cassius Clay.

NAMED Supervisor of officials for the National Hockey League, FRANK UDVARI, 42, a league referee for 15 years, during which time he handled 78 regular-season and 10 playoff games.

PURCHASED Controlling interest in the Cleveland Indians, by VERNON STOLFER, 62, millionaire restaurateur from William R. Dietz and Luke Paul. Promoting that the club will stay in Cleveland and not move to Oakland as most baseball people believe. Stouffer said: "You can be sure that I'll keep the Indians looking to the Indians fans."

PURCHASED By AL DAVIS, 37, who recently resigned after only four months as coachmaster of the American Football League, a general partnership in the Oakland Raiders, the team he coached until the end of last season. Davis, who is one of the club's three general partners, will oversee all operations of the Raiders. He emphasized that he will not return to coaching the team.

RESIGNED An athletic director at Northwestern University, STU HOLCOMB, 55, as become general manager of the Chicago Monarchs, an entry in the newly formed North American Soccer League.

SOLD For a world-record \$177,000, a SAILOR-LEEVE fly to Charles W. Engelhard of Fort Mills, N.J. The fly was placed in auction at Saratoga only after another buyer was assumed when the tried to jump a fence in his paddock.

DIED ELLIS W. RYAN, 62, former president of the Cleveland Indians (1940-1952), who died Tuesday as manager in 1950, in Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

DIED DAN B. HAINES, 63, the father of argumentative water skiing and the founder of the American Water Ski Assn. in Lake Grove, N.Y. Haines conducted the first water-ski tournament on record at the Jones Beach (N.Y.) pavilion and he also designed a water-skiing's first stadium course.

DIED CHARLEY DRESEN, 67, who was promoted with baseball the last 47 years, including 15 as the manager of the major league teams, of a heart attack in Detroit. He had led the Detroit Tigers on May 16, when his second heart attack in 10 months forced him out of the dugout. Drezen played eight seasons in the majors, being 27 in 1889. He was later managed by four big-league clubs, as an assistant in 1914. In 1952 and 1953 Drezen led the Brooklyn Dodgers to the National League pennant, and he had led the Detroit Tigers to the American League pennant in 1954. Drezen was a star pitcher during a close game. "I was with them a lot more times than I think of anything." The year when the experts were discussing Drezen's Milwaukee Braves out of them said: "I don't know where the Braves will finish, but Drezen will be the best pitcher ahead of them." He was recognized as a master builder of young pitchers, the most recent of which is Dennis Meden, the Tigers' 22-year-old right hander.

When Meden was having difficulties a few weeks ago it was Drezen who came into the dugout in street clothes to help strengthen the pitcher's arm. "That man," said Meden afterwards, "will go with his boots on."

DIED MIKE McTIGUE, 75, a pug-nosed Irishman from County Clare who fought 145 bouts in a 17-year career (1914-1934) and once held the world light-heavyweight championship (1923-1925) in New York.

GREYS									
24, 25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39
40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49
50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59
60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69
70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79
80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89
90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

FACES IN THE CROWD



DAVID KRESSOW, 12, of Tacoma, Wash., was timed in 27.37 for the final heat to win the All American Soap Box Derby championship, plus a \$7,500 college scholarship, in Akron. When not preparing for the Derby, David plays football and baseball.



LAURA LORENZE, 11, captain of the Princess in the Manchester, Mass. fast-pitch girls' softball league, led her team to a three-year 17-8 record, winning 11 games, including four shutouts, while striking out 135 batters in 101 1/3 innings. She also batted .511 (.445 for 88).



MARK SEIBOLD, 12, a left-hander from Huntington, Ind., averaged 25.5% fingers in seven championship matches to win the World Junior Horseshoe Pitching title in Murray, Utah. His mother and his sister both finished high up in their respective divisions.



GARY SANDERS, 16, of Buena Park, Calif., beat 16-year-old Ray Cook two-up in the 18-hole final of the United States Junior Amateur Golf Championship in Whittier, Calif. Rules violation forced Cook to play two extra holes before he finally won the title.



ERNEST KNOX who is only 13 years old but already is 6 foot 1 and 190 pounds, led Travis Junior High School of Temple, Texas to three team track championships, the Mid-Tex League football title and two basketball tournament championships this year.



ERNE LEWIS, 70, of Ames, Iowa, using a 28-year-old strap-and-under Browning 12 gauge shotgun, won a shoot-out with three other sharpshooters to take the Iowa State handicapped in Cedar Falls after he had tied in with the championship for 54 years.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

IT WAS AN exasperating week for BALTIMORE (5-2) Brooks Robinson was upset about being quoted that his team had the pennant locked up. "I never said it," insisted Brooks. Along came Frank Robinson, saying, "You don't have to apologize for nothin'. We're ahead 6-0 'em come catch us if they can." Boog Powell failed to follow orders and also had a muscle spasm, but the results were gratifying. On-deck batter Curt Kikari, acting on Manager Hank Bauer's instructions, told Powell to hit the ball to left for a single. Powell failed in a positive sort of way. Best he could do was slam the ball to right for a three-run homer. A day later Powell did hit to left. Bothered by a muscle spasm in his leg, he held up at first base. Then, seeing the Yankees make the first of three errors on that play, he began running and sliding and by the time he was done he had lumbered across home plate. Powell was removed from the game so he could rest his leg, and his replacement, Sam Bowers, drove in the winning run in the 11th. Eddie Watt, one of four sore-armed pitchers, explained his own peculiar arm trouble by saying, "I've got an enlarged medial condyle." Desperate for a starter, Bauer called on Moe Drabowsky, who had not started in 15 months. Drabowsky gave up only four hits and beat the Senators 2-1. Speaking of the Orioles, Bobby Richardson of NEW YORK (3-4) said, "They are good, great, marvelous, wonderful." The Yankees themselves were bad, inept, sloppy, awful. Pitcher Al Downing twice tried to sacrifice and both times busted into double plays as he lost to the Indians 3-2. CALIFORNIA (3-4) will have to make do for the rest of the year without Rick Reichardt, who was operated on for removal of a malfunctioning kidney. Without him, the Angels briefly dropped from second place to sixth, and their listing fell

to a league-low of 231. DETROIT (3-4) mourned the loss of the late Manager Charley Dressen, 67, who died of a heart attack. Red Sox Coach Sam Mize reportedly said of Earl Wilson, "He's only a 500 pitcher." Wilson retorted by beating his old Red Sox teammates 13-1, pitching a four-hitter and getting three hits himself, one a grand-slam homer. That left Wilson with a far-from-500 record of 13-9. Talking about his own KANSAS CITY (3-4) club and CHICAGO (5-2), Manager Al Dark said, "The teams are alike. We depend on pitching and defense." Whereupon the two teams scored 33 runs on 58 hits and committed six errors in three games, all won by the White Sox. Since the All-Star break, there has been no more formidable team in the league than the White Sox, who have won 22 of 32 games, including eight in a row. Controlling interest in the CLEVELAND (3-5) club was sold to Restaurateur Vernon Stouffer. Gabe Paul was assured of a 10-year contract as general manager, but there were mutterings that Manager Birdie Tebbets would not be rehired. When not embroiled in finances, contracts and rumors, the Indians played baseball—sort of. In one game against the Yankees, they made six errors in one inning. Errors cost WASHINGTON (2-5) two games, but a flurry of homers won two others. Three home runs in three days by Harmon Killebrew backed up sound pitching by Jim Grant, Jim Kaat and Jim Perry to give MINNESOTA (3-4) its only wins. Tony Congiario had four hits in one game. Carl Yastrzemski four in the next as BOSTON (4-2) beat the Indians 13-3 and the Tigers 13-9. It was a freak catch by Congiario that was the most unusual feat of the week, however. Congiario saved a 3-1 victory over the Indians when Chuck Hinton's would-be three-run homer, a drive to the bullpen, came out

of the fog and plopped into his glove. "I lost the ball completely," Congiario admitted. "If I don't catch it, it hits me on the head."

Standings: Balt 45-45; Det 57-54; Chi 67-54; Cal 56-57; Cin 56-57; Min 60-58; NY 53-65; KC 52-65; Bos 53-67; Wash 53-67

NATIONAL LEAGUE

"Boys, don't forget your vitamins," says Mike Shannon of ST. LOUIS (4-3) before each game. It may be the quietest rallying cry ever, but the Cards are convinced it has something to do with their resurgence. In late May they were in ninth place. After taking up Shannon's pregame ritual of downing vitamin pills, the Cardinals have been 47-36 and have moved up to fifth place. CHICAGO (3-3) won twice in a row for only the sixth time this year, on the slugging of Randy Hundley (below) and pinch singles by Lee Thomas and George Altman. LOS ANGELES (2-5) lost four straight games by a total of five runs despite three homers by Jim Lefebvre. Two home runs by John Risteau enabled MOBILE (2-4) to defeat the Cubs 8-5, ending an eight-game losing streak. Mike Cuellar and Dave Giusti hooked up in successive pitching duels against Gaylord Perry and Juan Marchal of SAN FRANCISCO (4-3). The Giants scored just one run in those games—on a ninth-inning homer by Willie Mays—which gave Perry a 1-0 win over Cuellar. Perry used just 92 pitches in winning his 18th of the season. The next day Giusti threw a one-hitter and beat Marchal 3-0. Jim Bunning, who started the week with a 10-0 record in August games since coming to PHILADELPHIA (3-3) three seasons ago, lost to the Cardinals 3-1. Four days later, supported by home runs by Johnny Briggs and Richie Allen, Bunning got back into his August groove by beating the Braves 4-2. That was

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

IT TOOK 26 years of suffering through the travesties of 58 catchers, but the Cubs feel they have finally found a replacement for Gabby Hartnett. Gone, they feel, are the days of Cino Barragan, Johnny Pransky, Roy Easterwood and other forgettable Cub catchers, for now they have 24-year-old Randy Hundley. Herman Franks, the Giant manager and one of Leo Durocher's best friends, gave Leo the tip-off on Hundley. "He can catch, he can throw and he can run, but he couldn't hit me if I walked in front of him." Since Durocher needed a defensive catcher, he acquired Hundley in a trade with the Giants last winter. Soon after the season began, however, Hundley was benched,

not for poor hitting—which he was also guilty of—but because of poor throwing. Hundley threw hard all right. The trouble was, unfielders covering second base on steals had to perform like pass-catching ends to grab his scorching throws. Hundley worked hard on his throwing, returned to the lineup, and since then has on-target pegs to second have caught Maury Wills and Lou Brock stealing three times each. What's more, he began hitting. In his first 15 times up last week, Hundley had 10 hits, including four homers, and 10 RBIs. In one game against Houston he hit for the cycle. The space left him with a .264 average and 16 home runs, establishing him as the best rookie catcher in the majors. It is doubtful whether Herman Franks would risk walking in front of him now.



CUBS' RANDY HUNDLEY

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Tavern was
barreled
for an 8
year nap



That same
year this
man owned
a pub
in New
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8 Years later...
Paul Burke met
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the Old Smoothie

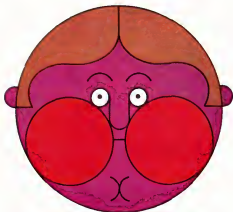


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*There are rare exceptions (aren't there always?) and these are usually based on the type of plane or service. For instance, between Houston and Los Angeles it is less expensive to take Continental's economy class Golden Jet service because no other airline offers this class of service on that route.

CONTINENTAL



The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING
through Aug. 15

National League

	Wins	SO	ERA
PITT	Veale 22-7	Veale 181	Veale 3.50
ST	Perry 20-2	Marchal 150	Marchal 2.86
LA	Niedke 18-8	Niedke 240	Niedke 1.62
PHIL	Shurt 13-7	Bunning 180	Bunning 2.47
SIL	Gibson 25-5	Gibson 183	Jackson 2.26
CBS	Maloney 13-4	Maloney 164	Maloney 2.52
ATL	Caninger 10-7	Lamarque 124	Johnson 3.18
SDG	Gault 17-5	Coutler 114	Coutler 2.16
NY	Fahnestock 9-11	Fisher 84	Robust 2.75
CHI	Monds 8-9	Edwards 104	Melton 3.20

American League

	Wins	SO	ERA
BAL	Palmer 13-6	McElroy 112	Bader 2.18
DET	McLean 14-8	Wilson 140	Wilson 3.40
CLE	Bell 13-6	Bell 148	Morgan 2.47
MIN	Kast 15-8	Borawski 158	Perry 2.87
CAL	Stanford 11-5	Chance 115	Borawski 2.88
CHI	John 10-8	Peterson 96	John 2.25
NY	Storley 10-12	Dewann 111	Storley 3.70
WASH	Richard 12-10	Richard 160	Richard 3.05
KC	Krueger 8-7	Krueger 54	Krueger 3.44
BOS	Santiago 11-9	Santiago 87	Santiago 3.56

the start of a doubleheader sweep of ATLANTA (4-2), the first losses under Billy Hitchcock, who was awakened one morning at 7:40 and told that he was replacing Bobby Bragan as manager. Hitchcock's debut was like an old movie script. He moved Felipe Alou back to the lead-off spot, and Felipe hit a first-inning homer off Sandy Koufax. Then, Eddie Mathews, reinstated at third base by Hitchcock, hit another home run in the ninth for a 2-1 win. Denny Lemaster, who held the Dodgers to three hits, was the winner before 52,270 fans, the largest crowd so far at Atlanta Stadium, where capacity is listed as 50,893. After being congratulated on two fine fielding plays against the Cardinals, Ron Swoboda of New York (2-5) said, "It was nice to make good catches against St. Louis because that's the club I committed some of my greatest atrocities against." Art Shamsky has a record-equaling four consecutive homers for CINCINNATI (3-3). Three came in one game (page 26), yet the Reds lost 14-11 to PITTSBURGH (5-1) in 13 innings. There was a record-tying total of 11 home runs in the game, six by the Pirates, but the game was won on a single by Manny Mota. The day before, the Pirates beat the Mets 7-5 on a ninth-inning two-run homer by Willie Stargell that was supposed to have been a single. Earlier in the game, Stargell had swung for homers and had grounded out twice against left-hander Rob Gardner. In the ninth Manager Harry Walker called Stargell back from the plate. "He told me to do what I was practicing—hitting to the opposite field against left-handers," said Stargell. So Stargell went up to poke the ball to left field and, instead, slugged it into the right field stands.

Standings: PIT 60-47, SF 60-50, LA 60-50, PHI 53-54, STL 51-56, CHC 50-57, ATL 50-61, NY 46-63, NY 51-66, CH 38-36.



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THE READERS TAKE OVER

LOOSE ENDS

Sirs:

Jack Mann's article, *Situation Normal in the Good Old NL* (Aug. 8), shows one thing: Mann underates the Dodgers. Take three of his statements:

1) "The Dodgers aren't capable of a long winning streak because they score fewer runs than any team in either league." Has Mann forgotten that they won the pennant with a 13-game winning streak last year when their hitting was even poorer?

2) "The Dodgers' speed has always been overrated, concentrated as it is in two or three men." Willis, Davis, Johnson, Parker and Burben are all exceptionally fast. Besides, when you have one man who can steal 100 bases who needs a lineup that is fast all the way down?

3) "Their defense is barely adequate." At six of the eight positions, their fielding is excellent. In Wes Parker and John Kennedy they have practically the best fielding first and third basemen in baseball.

As for the National League lining up for one of its typically wild pennant scrambles, don't be too sure. The Dodgers may win it a little sooner this year.

HARVEY COHEN

Flushing, N.Y.

Sirs:

Jack Mann implies that the best teams do not always emerge as world champions. This notion, I suggest, is utter nonsense. If not through head-to-head competition how is the best determined? Through preseason scouting reports?

The old saying, "If you're so smart, why aren't you rich?" should apply here. The pennant race is a series of physical contests, not a literary competition made up of the best efforts of press agents, front-office men, broadcasters and bubble-gum-card promoters. Professional sport may be big business, but it is still based on a game played by men. And the best is the one who wins.

DONALD KIRKE II

Los Angeles

Sirs:

The only situation that is normal in the "good old NL" is the usual mediocrity. Take it, the only reason the pennant race is such a tow-up every year is that no one team is good enough to win it. Every time a team gets into first place it proceeds to lose to a club like Atlanta, Chicago or New York.

The best club on paper does win, as Baltimore will prove in the World Series.

STEPHEN PARKER

Carmel, Calif.

MAGNIFICENT MET

Sirs:

Can't Anyone Here Use Kancl? (Aug. 8) was as memorable and moving an article as any to have appeared in your magazine. Leonard Shecter clearly defined the bittersweet feeling Met fans have for their magnificent nonheroes.

Twice, on two-week respite tours, my friends and I have seen the Mets on the road. On both occasions, in Philadelphia and Cincinnati, the linen greeters we draped over field-level box seats for Runner Rod were more a tribute to his humor and will than to his natural abilities.

It somehow seems correct that this fine, decent and intelligent man is out of baseball, for it seems apparent that baseball no longer has a need for executives who care about the game.

Can anyone use Kancl? Put it this way: How many among us don't admire the guy?

LAWRENCE LINDENBAUM

New York City

Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine story on the Hot Rod. There has been a change and we like winning, but we will never forget the Mets' greatest pinch runner.

R. B. SPELDER

Port Washington, N.Y.

Sirs:

We love Rod Kancl. We love Rod Kancl. We love Rod Kancl.

LINDA and ROY HORN

Boyside, N.Y.

CHAMPIONS

Sirs:

Traditionally the world-record holder in the decathlon is recognized as the world's greatest athlete. When C. K. Yang of Nationalist China set the record in 1963 you devoted three pages to the feat. You also called the decathlon the "toughest event in all of sport." And yet when Bill Toomey and Russ Hodge, two remarkable American athletes, bettered that record in Salina, Kans. last month, all they got was a paragraph.

In Europe, Toomey and Hodge would be regarded as supermen (which, indeed, they are). They would be celebrities. But here in the U.S. we take them for granted—or so it seems.

DICK EARE

Oneonta, N.Y.

Sirs:

Since I know and have competed with most of the U.S. track and field athletes, I

feel that my comments are not entirely unwarranted. It strikes me that SI and sports people in general do not always acknowledge all of the champions. To me a champion is one who consistently sacrifices himself for a goal yet, at the same time, is able to live an intelligent, mature life. Bill Toomey is one of these.

Not only has Toomey stood up to world-class competition the won at the World University Games in Budapest and gained several national championships, he has also earned a master's degree from Stanford and is now serving his community as a teacher. In my opinion Toomey qualifies, in all respects, as a track and field great, and I, for one, would enjoy reading about him in SI.

PHIL SHINNICK

Seattle

● Letter writer Phil Shinnick was also denied a share of the limelight. At the 1963 California Relays, Phil broke a world-record 27 feet 4 inches, but meet officials had momentarily neglected to check the wind gauge. The record was disallowed. —ED.

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

Sirs:

Your article on Frank Emanuel and the new Miami Dolphins (*Win One for the Flipper*, Aug. 8) was very entertaining, as most of your articles are, but I would like to set you straight on one point. You said that Miami goes only for spectaculars and won't support Dolphin games if the team can't very good. For your information, south Florida is one of the best areas in the country for football. Last year, when the University of Miami had barely a 500 average, over 100,000 people showed up for the last two games of the season.

If Miami won't support a team so city will.

HOWARD GARRON

Hollywood, Fla.

Sirs:

Your fine cover story on Frank Emanuel omitted mention of three other Dolphin rookies who were 1965 University of Tennessee starters: Defensive Back Bobby Pettrelli, Tight End Stan Mitchell and Wingback Hal Warland.

BILL HOWARD

Saratoga, Fla.

Sirs:

Win One for the Flipper was a fine tribute to a deserving Tennessee football player. However, the twice-mentioned name of Tom Fisher sadly brings to mind another Tennessee boy who might easily have surpassed the heralded achievements of Frank Emanuel. This opinion is supported by the fact that Tom had been a first- and third-round draft choice while still a junior.

L. JOHN HARRIS JR.

Hockessin, Del.

IMPROVING THE BREED

Sirs:

How about VASSS (the Van Alen Simplified Scoring System) when the national amateur tennis championships get going at Forest Hills? The pros playing on the same courts early this summer proved its value in improving the game beyond any further quibbles.

Leave love to the lovers.

JOHN PUTNAM

Chicago

Sirs:

Our national pastime of baseball seems to be blindly clinging to a dull and obsolete approach. Baseball should take a page from the pro football book and divide teams into offensive and defensive units with free substitution. Talents of individual players would be graded as they are in football, and the assignments with respect to offense and defense would be made accordingly. An exceptional batter with an injured throwing arm or a leg injury could play the entire game with the offensive unit.

Applying the football approach could speed up the game in other ways, too. In football, for instance, when a kicking specialist comes on the field, he executes his punt or his placement in a matter of seconds. The way baseball is played now, a relief pitcher takes up valuable time with six or seven practice throws before getting down to business. Under the two-plateau system, pitchers should be required to play ball as soon as they reach the mound.

The two-plateau system would make baseball not only faster, but more exciting, and it would allow specially gifted players to excel in their specialty and to prolong their careers. If Ted Williams played under such a system, he could probably still be an active player.

JOHN J. RYAN

Charlotte, N.C.

Sirs:

You want to speed up the game of golf? Take a hint from bowling. Go into any bowling alley on a weekend evening to roll off a line or two and what do you find? Leagues—and with the same reserved times every week. The better the skill of the league, the better their reserved time. My point: why not the same in golf? Have weekend morning tee-off times set up something like this: 5 to 7:30, 85 to 95 players; 7:30 to 9:30, 70 to 85 shooters; 9:30 to 11, 95 to 110 players; after 11, open.

Could such a system be made to work? Yes, if supported and administered wholeheartedly by the USGA. Would golfers themselves support this system? If a man considers himself a golfer, he would.

WILLIAM P. BERRY

Albion, Iowa



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